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MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, *Editor*

EMMETT KILPATRICK, *Co-Editor*



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## EDITORIAL

This issue of the Alabama Historical Quarterly is composed of the second and last installment of the history of Opelika, by the Rev. F. L. Cherry. The first half of the history was carried in Volume 15, Number 2.





THE HISTORY  
of  
OPELIKA  
and her  
AGRICULTURAL TRIBUTARY  
TERRITORY

Embracing More Particularly Lee and Russell Counties, from  
the Earliest Settlement to the Present Date.

By Rev. F. L. Cherry—"Okossee."

(The first half of this history of Opelika by Rev. F. L. Cherry, was published in Volume 15, Number 2. This installment completes the history.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

*Chewackla — Judge Robert Kellum — A Childish Wish Gratified  
In Manhood — "Heaping Coals" &c.*

I must now transport my readers to the banks of the Chewackla, but by a circuitous route, against which, those who have patiently followed my meandering pen thus far, will not revolt, or they would have revolted long ago. East Alabamians love Georgia. Sandwiched between two great rivers, upon whose sineous surges float hundreds of graceful "steam palaces," transporting her products to the Gulf and the ocean and upon the banks of which loom up skyward her grand fortresses of manufacturing industry which are more effective in establishing, maintaining and perpetuating wealth, influence and power than the turreted castles of ancient, trans-Atlantic feudal times; where the music of the spindle, shuttle and loom add a fit refrain to the soft water-voice which plays around the pondrous wheels; whose scenery, from granite mountains, oak-crowned hills, pine clad forests, everglade valleys, and island-dotted seashore line, combine the beauty and grandeur of every tone with the tempature of every zone in miniature:—

Georgia! who carries proudly, yet gracefully the well-earned title of the "*Empire State of the South*," will ever be dear to the East Alabamians, as the land of the birth of their fathers.

It was in Clarke county, in a "little hut out of doors" in the woods, March 1804, that *Judge Robert Kellam* was given posthumous birth and of very humble parentage. In accordance with a dying request, he was named before he was born, for his father, the only mementos of whom he has ever had were a neglected, grass-grown grave, his mother's bitter tears in after years and his name. He had one sister and two brothers older than himself. His mother married the second time before he was old enough to realize the difference between a father and a step-father, and would never have had any personal cause to regret his father's death, if the successor to that sacred office and relationship had been faithful to his vows and responsibilities voluntarily assumed.

Judge Kellam's earliest recollections date as far back as the year 1809, when he was only five years old. The scene of these recollections was in Jasper county, Ga., and it also was a log home without any enclosure and surrounded by forest. He remained with his mother and subject to his step-father until 1818, and he was 14 years old. At this date, he was prostrated by a protracted spell of illness, which demoralized his nervous system to such an extent as to reduce him to the grade of a useless encumbrance, and as his step-father did not cherish parental ties, ignored parental obligations, which resulted in his being turned away from the only roof, humble though it was, under which he could lay any claim to protection. Though sixty-six years have intervened since that day, Judge Kellam vividly remembers this painful chapter of his early history, and his mother's tearful words at parting have been ever present with him. When she discovered the inevitable fate of her child, who, at the death of the husband of her youth, was the un-born pledge of his affection, driven out from her home against her wish and will, doing violence to the tenderest and yet the strongest ties of a woman's heart, she bundled up his little pack of clothes and following him to the yard, said: "My poor boy; all I have to give you is a mother's advice, *"Keep Out of Bad Company."* Slowly he repaid his step-father's indifference and how he followed his mother's advice will be illustrated further on.

Sick, homeless and without a cent in the world, and with scarcely decent clothing, the embryo merchant, judge and successful farmer, found shelter and kind treatment under the humble roof and at the hands of his brother-in-law, under whose care and the recuperative power of a good constitution, he was soon restored to health and vigor. He then went to work. In 1812, when he was about eight years old and living with his mother, he went one day to the town of Monticello, and there, for the

first time in his life, saw a store, two stories high and stocked with merchandise above and below. With the ingenious simplicity of a child, he clapped his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had such a store as that!" But what could he do? One thing he could not do: he could not forget that childish wish. It was indelibly recorded. And with it ever present in his heart, he went to work.

The first money he ever made in his life and put in his own pocket was by picking cotton at a dollar a hundred, when he was fifteen years old. This was the nucleus which in a few years culminated in the gratification of that wish, for he cherished an aching longing that it should be gratified. The sequel proved that "when there's a will, there's a way;" for fifteen years from the date of that wish, he found himself a young merchant of twenty-three years of age, the owner of that selfsame store, stocked with merchandize above and below and selling goods from behind the same counter, before which he stood on tip-toe when a boy of eight years, to receive his little homely purchases and where he recorded his childish wish. In his boyish struggle he aspired to a higher social grade than that in which he moved. He was timid, but resolved in his very soul that he would rise. He dared not intrude upon a social rank which ignored him, but set himself to work to prove himself worthy of it, as poor as he was. This was not done by mimicing those who, by virtue of superior advantages, were able to shine without any effort of their own; but instead of apeing their ways and manners by spending his money as fast or faster than it was made, he laid it up, or judiciously invested it. He took care to work and worked with care; and though his money came at first in quarters and dimes, he did not consider it too small to take care of. His start was made by "day labor," on farms, in shops—anywhere, where he could get a job; and it was soon set down by those who knew him that he was "determined to rise," and, of course, those whose good opinion was worth having was soon secured, the coast clear, the sea open, and "Bob Kellam" could get a job when and wherever it was attainable by any one.

By industry, close economy, dilligence in business and an unimpeachable integrity, Judge Kellam, in 1828, when only 24 years of age had secured the confidence of his entire circle of acquaintance, and while standing behind his counter, attending to his business, his friends came to him and offered the candidacy for clerk of the Inferior Court of Jasper county, Ga., which he accepted, was elected and filled the office, and that of treasurer with honor to himself and profit to his county for ten

years. He was then elected clerk of the Superior Court of the same county and served two years. At the close of this period, his health failed and he retired to a farm in the country, being elected one of the judges of the Inferior Court of the same county.

In June 1830, Judge Kellam married Miss Elizabeth Swanson, daughter of the late John Swanson, Sr., of Morgan county, Ga. She was a sister of the late John Swanson and Dr. W. G. Swanson of Tuskegee, also of P. H. Swanson, Esq., long a merchant in Auburn, all of whom were active factors in the early development of what is now Lee county.

In Dec., 1846, Judge Kellam emigrated to Macon, now Lee county, purchasing land from the late Alfred Shorter, and moved to the place first settled by the late Jephtha Dismukes, seven miles south of Opelika and about the same distance from Auburn. This plantation lies on both sides of Chewackla creek, and embraces three varieties of soil—oak hills, creek bottoms and pine levels. The present commodious homestead stands three hundred yards from the north bank of the creek and was built in 1851, and from which all his daughters who were married, went out as happy brides, but all of whom went down to the grave in early matronhood.

Judge Kellam's contemporaries in the early settlement on Chewackla were Rev. Gideon Powledge; John Skinner, Sr.; Dr. W. G. Swanson; Elisha Tarver; Jesse Taylor; James Mitchell; Baptist John Mitchell; Methodist John Mitchell; David Parsons and B. W. Snisson, on the north side of the creek. On the south side were Bryant S. Mangham, Loxla Edwards, Abram Miles, and W. F. Dunlap, up the creek. Down the creek were Simeon Dearing, William Patterson, Noel Turner, Daniel Brinson and Jonathan Etherege. All those are now dead except Dr. Swanson, of Tuskegee, Rev. Gideon Powledge, of Florida, and Daniel Brinson, of Texas.

Judge Kellam has been a member of the Baptist Church 56 years, and clerk of the same twenty-five years, all of which period he has been one of its most useful and zealous supporters, at the same time cherishing an unusual degree of charity and Christian fellowship towards those who differing with him in opinion, agreeing to disagree with those with whom he cannot agree, but never antagonizing Christian sentiment, when and wherever he recognized it in principle and practice.

In 1870, Sept. the 20th, Judge Kellam was bereaved of the companion of his early manhood, after walking together hand-in-hand for forty years and who was the mother of all his children except one: William H. Kellam, died on a visit to Monticello, in 1854; Mrs. Julia A. Hurst, died in Atlanta, Ga., 1882, John R. Kellam died in 1838; Miss Sarah J. Kellam, died in Lee county, 1852; Mrs. Martha J. Colquitt, first wife of George Colquitt, died in Hogansville, Ga., 1871; Robert F. Kellam, of Louisiana, Mrs. Georgia S. Barron, wife of Joseph Barron, died in Hogansville, 1872, Mrs. Mary E. Colquitt, wife of F. M. Colquitt, died in Lee county, 1865, and Charles Kellam, of Louisiana. These, children of the first Mrs. Kellam, have all passed away, except Frank and Charles, lie buried at Chewackla Church, by the side of their mother. Five of these dead, married, leaving children to represent them but one. One is still unmarried.

In 1871, March 30th, Judge Kellam married Mrs. Martha A. Sledge, nee Pickett, of Opelika. The wife of his declining years has given him only one, a promising daughter, who is the one only ray of sunshine left to illumine the lengthening shadows. This last opening bud of promise is Miss Alice Gertrude Kellam, now at school in Opelika.

Judge Kellam has been an active factor in church and society wherever he has lived. The most of his active manhood has been devoted to farming on the plantation where he now lives embracing a space of nearly forty years. His influence has always been for good, and it can be safely placed on record that the tone of religious and social sentiment of the Chewackla neighborhood has never suffered or been lowered by any act of his life. On the opening of the war of the States, his son, Robert F. Kellam was a schoolboy in Tuskegee, and when the call for men came to the school room, he laid aside his books and entered the army, his company forming a part of the Regiment commanded by his uncle, Col. W. G. Swanson, M. D., and was in several hard fought battles in Virginia, but came out of the war unhurt.

At the close of the war, Judge Kellam passed through the transition state and with the pioneer element of the South, found himself very much reduced. During the struggle he was liberal to the soldier boys, and ever ready to contribute to their necessities.

In reviewing Judge Kellam's career, it is an instructive lesson to the young men of to-day. Starting life a posthumous boy, at the age of four-

teen years, sick, without home, without father or mother—so to speak—without decent clothing or a dollar to buy them, or friends to assist him. At the age of twenty-four years, he had built up an independent, but not a cumbersome competence, which, experience the world over has taught, is the acme of worldly happiness or enjoyment. The war came on and its close liberated twenty-eight slaves for him, besides those he had given to his married children. He is now in his eighty-first year, bearing the infirmities of that age, enjoys a good health as at any period of his life. Judge Kellam has been a man of peace, and has advocated harmony and a liberal social sentiment all his life. Of his nine children, he has survived them all but three. Six graves at Chewackla surround their mother's. Six bloodwashed spirits worship with her's around "the great white throne."

As a sequel to the early experience of the subject of this chapter I will relate an incident which illustrates a noble trait, when developed in any character: When Judge Kellam had reached place prosperity, his step-father, Mr. J., wished to purchase a servant woman of a dealer at Monticello, the price of which was \$500.00. On paying the money to the dealer, it was discovered that one of the bills was not genuine for the amount its apparent face called for, and was discarded by the trader. Mr. J. carried the bill to his step-son:

"Look here Bob, they tell me that this \$50.00 bill is not right. Tell me what is the matter with it."

The Judge, after glancing at the bill, answered:

Why, Mr. J., it is a five raised to a fifty by a clumsy villain. It was once worth five dollars, but now it is worth only the paper it is printed on."

"Well Bob, what shall I do? The negro wants to go with me and I want to buy her, the price is \$500.00 and I have only \$450.00. Can't you loan me \$50.00?"

"Certainly, Mr. J., and I will do so with the greatest pleasure."

The money was received with many thanks and a promise to return the same with what interest might be charged, the servant bought and carried home. In due course of time the Judge paid a visit to his mother,

which he frequently did after he began to prosper. Mr. J. met him kindly, and during the visits, paid the borrowed money:

"Here is your money, Bob, how much interest do you want for the use of it? I am willing to pay what you think proper."

"Well Mr. J., in consideration of your great kindness towards me when I was a very poor, sick, and friendless boy, in driving me from my mother's door, I take the greatest pleasure in charging you nothing."

It must be said, to the credit of Mr. J., that he had a conscience, for his countenance changed to an ashy hue and his whole body trembled.—This is what the Book calls "heaping coals" &c.

There is black walnut tree standing in Judge Kellam's yard, which was planted Mr. William Dismukes, now of Mississippi, in 1838, when he was quite a youth. It is now thirty inches in diameter, affords a pleasant shade in summer and is a prolific bearer.—Mr. Dismukes may yet, in his old age, visit the scenes of his boyhood, sit beneath the shade and crack walnuts from this tree.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*The Lollards — Mr. Young Edwards — Methodism — Soldier*

*Boys — City of the Dead — Incident of '36 — Old Shady Grove.*

About the beginning of the sixteenth century there emigrated from England a family whose earlier ancestors, as far as is known to-day never affiliated, or had anything in common with the church of Rome. Neither did they affiliate with the church of England. Nor were they destitute of or insensible to that religious sentiment which is the distinctive element of man's social and moral being. They were what in those days were called Lollards; though, what they believed as differing from other worshipers of that day and country is not known in this. But it is known that they were compelled to conceal their places of worship and themselves also while conducting their devotional exercises, or be subject to insult, arrest, imprisonment and even the stake, for opinion's sake. The views of the bold German Reformer had taken strong root among the rural districts of Germany, France and England, and had developed in the forming of many sects in name, but in fact were essentially the same in



all the leading points of difference from the "Mother Church," all uniting in their deep seated antipathy to "Priest Craft." The discovery of the New World a century or so before the rise of Martin Luther appears, from the eternal fitness of things, to have opened a new field for planting the doctrine of the Reformation and it is a strange, yet truthful record of history that, though millions upon millions of treasure at the disposal and under the patronage of the most powerful crowned heads of the Old World were directed mainly to the establishment of Popery on a firm basis in advance in the new, during the first centuries of its discovery, "the land of the brave and the home of the free" is emphatically a Protestant country. If America ever become monarchical, it must first become papistic. A throne and a papal chair are twin-evils on the earth.

The family of which I speak were Protestants, known as Baptists, and settled in New York, and it is known that the descendants of this emigrant family reached vast wealth and wide influence in that city more than a hundred years ago. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a branch of this family emigrated to Virginia, and from this stock a branch was established in Georgia, of which *Young Edwards* was a descendant, and was born in Wilkes county, in that State, August 20th, 1799, and was the oldest of a family of twelve. At the age of eighteen years, Mr. Edwards took a "new departure" from the family, which had been Baptistically inclined for centuries, by uniting with the Methodist Church, and to-day, the large family connexion in Lee county inheriting the name, are almost, if not quite without an exception, Methodists. Mrs. Long, his sister, several years younger than himself, joined with him at the same time. It was at a campmeeting held in Bibb county, Ga., in 1818. Mrs. Long died recently in Texas, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Mrs. Clegg, of Columbus, Ga., is her daughter.

On January 20th, 1822, Mr. Edwards married Miss Mary Perdien and first settled as a farmer in Bibb county, Ga., where he lived until 1827, at which date he moved to Talbot county, in that State, and settled near Talbotton. In the Autumn of 1844, he emigrated to then Russell county, Alabama, and settled three miles southeast of Salem, purchasing land from Mr. Jack Cotton. There was but little open land on the place, the most of that having been cleared by the Indians and was known as the Derrysall field, once the home of a chief of that name, whose wigwam was standing at that date. This chief's name was given to an Indian trail still to be seen on the north bank of the Little Uchee. Here Mr. Edwards and his sons opened a productive plantation, built a



comfortable residence which is still standing, living in plenty, until 1856, he sold out to his brother, the late Wilson Edwards, and settled a place one mile east, purchasing land from his son, Greene B. Edwards, it being a part of what was known as the John C. Smith place. Here he built a comfortable residence and opened a desirable plantation. The place he first settled is now the property of Dr. J. C. Phelps.

On the 21st of May, 1865, Mr. Edwards lost the companion of his youth and the mother of all his children. She was a member of what was known as the Bible Christian Church in her girlhood, joining the Methodist Church with her husband in her young wifhood and was known to be an humble christian, a devoted wife and loving mother all the years she tarried with them. Her many unassuming and noble traits of character are a pleasing monument to her memory. On the 31st of August, 1865, Mr. Edwards married Mrs. Eliza Lawler, widow of the late Michael Lawler and sister of the late William F. Dunlap. She died Dec. 26th, 1873, leaving no issue.

On the 20th of Oct. 1876, he married Miss Letitia Taylor, daughter of the late Thomas Taylor, of Marengo county, Alabama, who survives him without issue, and holds her dower on the place where he died June 13, 1879, aged nearly eighty years.

Mr. Edwards had nine children—six sons and three daughters: Miss Georgia A. V. Edwards, died August 25, 1847, Raleigh N. Edwards—a Confederate soldier—died in Richmond, Va., May 1862, Robert D. Edwards—a Confederate soldier—killed in the battle of Seven Pines, May 1862, (his burial and grave was superintended and marked by his Captain, R. M. Greene), John W. Edwards a Confederate soldier—died in hospital in Montgomery, in 1863, Mrs. Missouri N. Hightower, first wife of Richard Hightower, died in the spring of 1873 and Miss Mary Edwards, died Oct. 17, 1868. Of these six who preceded him to the grave, three were Confederate soldiers and sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. Raleigh died first and his body was deposited in a vault in Richmond, Va., the place of its sepulture being marked by his brother Robert, who was present at the time, and a description sent home to his friends. This was the last they heard from him alive. He fell in battle a few days after and a kind hand marked his grave. During the winter of 1862 Captain Daniel Bullard, now of Oak Bowery, on behalf of their friends went after the remains of these noble young martyrs and brought them home. They now rest in the embrace of their native soil in the

graveyard near the place of their birth in Lee county. Raleigh's place of deposit was found by the description sent by his patriotic brother Robert and the body was identified among many others by the peculiar conformation of some of the fingers of his right hand—being webbed like the feet of a waterfowl. Robert's grave was found by Captain Greene, who also identified the body by the nature and position of his wound—a bullet in the centre of his forehead and also by his uniform.

Only three sons of this large and respectable branch of the Edwards family in Lee county are now living: Mr. Greene B. Edwards and Mr. George W. Edwards, near Salem and Mrs. William H. C. Edwards, of Browneville.

Mr. Edwards had four brothers to precede him in this county, all of whom lived for many years near him, in the immediate neighborhood of Old Shady Grove Church, four miles south of Salem. Their connexion with the county was in the early years of its settlement. Mr. Michael Edwards and Mr. Wilson Edwards died some years ago, both leaving families, but I am not informed as to their having any representatives in the county, at this writing. Mr. Ambrose Edwards and Mr. Spencer Edwards moved to Dale county, Ala., about thirty years ago, where they still reside. This Dale county branch of the family is large, contributing generously to the best elements which go to build up and sustain the more substantial and refined circles of church and society.

Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, nee Trotter, nee Edwards, widow of the late Thelston Parker, residing half mile south of the Chewackla Lime Works, in this county, is the only surviving sister. The late Hon. Loxla Edwards of Opelika, was a cousin.

One of the largest family burying grounds in Lee county, known as the Edwards cemetery, is situated about two and a half miles south of Salem, to the right and in sight of the road leading from Salem to the Shady Grove locality, which has been the place of burial for this family since 1844, the first interment being that of a little child during that year, since which date, thirty-five of the name have been buried there, besides many others from the surrounding neighborhoods. It is neatly enclosed and many of the graves substantially covered over, and to the passing traveller, is suggestive of a veritable "city of the dead." There is no attempt towards ostentation or display, but simplicity, neatness and restful quiet is the ruling taste. Four generations lie buried here. It does

not require repeating here that, eighty years ago, educational facilities were meagre; hence, all these old worthies were men of the soil. They were of the advance guard of civilization in that portion of what is now Lee county, opening the forests and building of society for those who should come after them. These sunbrowned pioneers were not men of books, further than the Book of God and the book of Nature. With these, they were familiar. They accomplished the work assigned them and broad fields, flourishing towns and rising cities are the crowning outcomes. And the work I am now doing is a feeble attempt to do them justice. And I labor in hope that this work will be a durable monument to their memory for many generations to come.

I am not definitely informed as to Mr. Edward's service in the war of 1836, even if he served at all; but I am informed that some of his brothers did; among whom was Mr. Spencer Edwards, now of Dale county, who volunteered and went in a company from Talbot county, Ga.

While this company was in camps at Sand Fort, a few miles southwest of Columbus, Mr. Edwards, who was then living in Talbot county, came over and visited his brother Spencer, remaining with him one night, in camps. He was accompanied by his son, Greene B. Edwards, then a lad of twelve or fourteen years, now a silver bearded patriarch, residing three miles south of Salem, who remembers the following incident of that visit: It was a day or two after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. McKizzie, by the Indians, on the Big Uchee, and a squad was detailed to visit the locality and bury the dead. Mr. Spencer Edwards and two young men, named respectively Price and Oliver, were on this detail. These two young soldiers did not relish the duty assigned them and set their wits to work to get out of it, if possible. Oliver resorted to his accommodating friend, the colic, and, just before the squad was ready to set out, was suddenly seized with a most violent attack—so very violent were the gripings that his case appeared serious, and, of course, he was relieved from the duty by a substitute. He continued to grow worse until after the party left. About this time, Price was discovered to have had access to enough whiskey to make him helplessly drunk and totally unfit for any duty but to quietly sleep it off, which he was humanely permitted to do, and another substitute appointed. When the party had been gone a sufficient length of time, the accommodating colic cautiously held upon its victim, the contorting paroxysms gradually subsiding and in an hour, he was quite well, feeling grateful to his friend, the colic, for relieving him of the worst fit of fear he ever had in his life, laughing in

his sleeve the while, at the success of his stratagem. Price did not escape so easily, as it was suspected that he had designedly got drunk in order to be relieved from this duty. During the night, some of the soldiers procured some blacking and while he was snoring off his heavy top load of whiskey, laid on a thick coat, completely obscuring the natural color of his face and neck, substituting the complexion of a full blooded African. The next morning, when he awoke, sufficiently sobered to congratulate himself on the success of his ruse, he was astonished to find the entire camp greeting his appearance at reville with an uncontrollable round of merriment, which he could have gladly joined, but saw nothing to laugh at. The more he looked, the more he didn't see it, and the more ludicrous did he appear. When he did realize the situation, instead of joining in the laugh, he endeavored to console himself with the scornful reflection, that it was "a poor joke to play on a fellow soldier." But he soon learned that the joke was not so poor, that its poverty could not descend several grades at a single move, which was speedily done. On retiring to his tent and calling for soap to assist in removing his new color, the boys handed him a piece of tallow, cunningly shaped to resemble a cake of yankee soap. And the work of washing, scouring and scrubbing began. But the soap wouldn't "lather" worth a cent; and when the eighth of an inch of tallow, thoroughly incorporated with the blacking, was laid on in the effort to make it later, before the luckless victim made the discovery, he was disgusted at the extreme poverty of the joke. And before that tallow and blacking was removed, Price concluded that the price of relief from detail duty was a little too high.

As stated before, Mr. Young Edwards was a Methodist, and it may be well to add here that he was a Methodist after the "land-mark" order, which is now supposed to have almost passed away, as there are but few of that type still living and none of sufficient strength of character and weight of influence to successfully check the deleterious innovations which are stealthily creeping into that church. But of this I should not further speak in this connexion. The spot where the cabin stood, serving as a church the congregation which afterwards built up Shady Grove, is located nearly a half mile west from the Trotter place. This cabin was built close on to the close of the war of 1836, for a backwoods school-house. The first sermon ever preached in it was by the venerable William Mizell, who was one of the very earliest pioneers of the Gospel and of Methodism in East Alabama, of whom I have voluminous and instructive notes which will appear in a future chapter of this history.—Rev's. Gideon Powledge, Isaac Faulkenberry, David Lockhart, Morgan C. Turrentine,

John W. Talley and Elias B. Story, are also among the early ministers who preached in this little backwoods school-house.

The initial members of old Shady Grove, now remembered by the living, are Ambrose Edwards, W. G. Flake, Loxla Edwards, William Trotter, Spencer Edwards, Posey P. Brooks, Wilson Edwards and Michael Edwards and their respective families, some of whom still survive.

Early in the forties, a large hewed log house was built about two hundred yards west of the Trotter residence, on a lot donated by the late William Trotter. This was a place of worship for the Methodists of that section for forty years, and was known throughout East Alabama as Shady Grove. The venerable oaks which still stand there and will be permitted to stand until removed by natural causes, were mere bushes forty-five years ago. Mr. Edwards connexion with this church began in the fall of 1844, and immediately took rank as one of its leading and most influential members, which position he held, both in an official and private capacity for a period of thirty-five years. The records of the circuits to which Shady Grove was attached during all these years, show his name marked "present" at every Q.M., except three. In 1848, the log house being insufficient to accommodate the rapidly increasing congregation, a neat and commodious framed building was erected on the spot occupied by the old one. From this date until the opening of the war, in 1861, Shady Grove was recognized as one of the most flourishing and wealthy country churches of any denomination in East Alabama. The known piety of the members of this church was of a high grade and uniform.—There were fewer spasmodic professors and less friction in the administration of church discipline than is generally met with. The average attendance, both on pastoral and local worship was uniformly large, and on Quarterly Meeting occasions larger congregations have assembled at old Shady Grove Church, than ever seen at a country church in the county.

Immediately following the close of the war in 1865 came a visible decline in the prosperity of this church, resulting from deaths and changes of residence, which, in a few years caused it to lose the center of the circumference of its remaining worshipers. Young Edwards remained and thro' his influence it may be said, the little remnant was kept together and the house remained open for stated worship several years longer than would have been without it. In fact, the church never dissolved until after his death in 1879. In 1882, the old house, after having remained in desuetude two years, was sold, taken down, reerected and rededicated as

a house of worship by the freedmen of their old masters who worshiped in it so long, and who nourished them from their infancy and taught them the first principles of christianity, so the old church has renewed its youth and entered upon a new life of usefulness. Mr. Edwards was an active man all his life, enjoying almost uninterrupted health down to a ripe old age, and though he never reached or even reached after what is called wealth, he lived comfortably, keeping a substantial and liberal, but not an extravagant board. He was never a slave-holder either by inheritance or by purchase, but early in his Alabama life, a family of free negroes voluntarily placed themselves in his charge, under his care, protection and control, recognizing him as their lawful master until the close of the war in 1865.

In reviewing the character of this excellent man and estimating his intrinsic value in the private social walks of life, in church and society, it must be said in simple justice to his memory, without detraction to others, and for the encouragement of his numerous posterity, that he was the peer of the best in the sphere in which he moved, and though he sought no honors, he was honored and trusted by all classes. The wealthy respected him for his integrity, the poor loved him for his virtues and all cherish his memory for the good he has done in the world.

His children can never recall one act of his which can lower the standard of piety, moral and religious principle and business integrity which he practically sustained, both by precept and example all the years of a long life. At his death, his posterity, reaching to the third generation, numbered over one hundred.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Welch Emigration — The Kenon Family — Rev. H. J. M. Kenon — Miss Louisa Kenon — Miss Martha H. Kenon — Dr. Warner P. Kenon.*

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when emigration from the east comprised some of the best brain and muscle of the Old World, there came from Wales an emigrant, who was the founder of *The Kenon Family* in America. This was William Kenon and first settled in Virginia, and was the grand-father of the family of that name of which this chapter will treat. This man is recognized by his descendants as being of high social standing, as he became connected with one of the

first families of the "Old Dominion."

On the 10th of January 1776, a few months before the Declaration of American Independence, he married Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Virginia, a sister of General W. H. Harrison, ex-President of the United States. The father of the East Alabama family of the name was W. W. Kenon, the second son of this marriage, born in Virginia, April 1779, and in early life settled in Columbia county, Ga., and married Miss Elizabeth Leverette, of Lincoln county. Four children issued from this marriage, all born in Jasper county, Ga., all of whom moved to Russell county, Ala., in 1835 and 1836.

Rev. H. J. M. Kenon, M. D., married Miss Maria Hardy, and by this marriage, became brother-in-law to the late Rev. David Lockhart. His first settlement after marriage was where Salem now is and engaged in teaching, living in rented log cabins several years. About 1841 or 1842, he went to Mt. Jefferson and taught school and engaged in merchantile pursuits some years. During his residence at Mt. Jefferson, he read physic at the office and under the tutelage of Dr. Tucker, who recently died in Dale county, past ninety years of age. The system of Medica Materia which Dr. Tucker taught and practiced was then known as the Thomsonian system. It is now known as the eclectic system. About 1847 or 1848, Dr. Kenon settled as a Physician, at Greentown, six miles southwest of Salem and practiced, in copartnership with his brother Dr. W. P. Kenon. In 1850, he moved to Salem and built the house now occupied by Mr. John S. Nelms, when he sold out and moved to Dale county, Ala. This house has changed occupants so often and in such rapid succession since that date that I have been unable to trace them correctly. Mr. William Guy bought it in 1871 and occupied it with his son, Jerry Guy, until 1879, it was rented to Mrs. Brooks and Mr. Bascom Brooks two years, followed by Mr. John Aldridge. In 1882 Mr. W. H. Reynolds bought it and held it one year when it became the property of Mr. Nelms. During the first years of the late war, Dr. Kenon was Chaplain of the 15th Ala. Reg., commanded by Col. W. C. Oates. His health failing, he resigned and moved with his family back to Salem and practiced medicine with his brother in 1863, occupying the house in which Dr. White lived at his death. In 1864, Dr. Kenon left forever the Salem neighborhood, the scene of the most active and useful years of his life, moving to Carthege, Texas, where he died in 1866 or 1867. During his residence in Dale county, he was bereaved of his first wife, and afterwards married Miss Adaline Mizell, who lived but a few years. After his removal to



Texas, he married the third time, of which I have no notes further than the supposition that his widow still survives. Only two of his children are now living, both in Texas.

As a physician, Dr. Kenon was successful, and as local minister of the Methodist Church, very useful, and in both these callings, was more than ordinarily popular and his memory is cherished by the old residents of Salem and surrounding country as associated all that is pleasant and agreeable during the years of the country's greatest prosperity.

The second member of this family was *Miss Louisa Kenon* who married Mr. Benjamin Collier, a distant relative of the Collier family of Opelika, and settled near Dover in Lee county, about 1836, and died there in 1856, having two children, both of whom, and their father, now reside in Coosa county.

*Miss Martha K. Kenon*, the second daughter and the baby of the family, married Mr. Isaac Magee and settled in Girard in 1835, and opened a hotel, the first enterprise in that line ever undertaken in that town. It was a framed building and stood one hundred yards west from the bridge, on the north side of the street. Here she lived until the war, during which, she died. Shortly after the war, Mr. Magee moved to North Alabama and died in 1874. There are none to represent this branch of the family in Lee county. They have a son residing in Atlanta. *Dr. Warner P. Kenon*, the youngest son and only survivor of his generation of the family, was born in Jasper county, Ga., May 30, 1814. In 1832, when eighteen years old he commenced life in Columbus, Ga., as a clerk in the first warehouse ever opened in that city, the firm name of which was Haywood & Co., where he remained until 1834, when he went into business by himself as a merchant, continuing two years. In 1836, he came into Russell and settled near Dover.

On Feb. 27, 1840, Dr. Kenon married Miss Elizabeth Story, daughter of the late James Story. The first two years of his married life was spent on the place now owned and occupied by Mrs. Moore half mile east of Mott's Mill. In 1843, he went with his brother, Dr. Isham Kenon, to Mt. Jefferson and read medicine with him, under Dr. Tucker. In 1845, he came back to Russell and commenced the practice of medicine at Greentown, near Shady Grove. In 1846 or 1847, he went to Wacoochee Valley and practiced there eight years. This was during the palmy days of that burg. His next move was in 1856 or 1857, to where Hugh P. John-



son now lives, practicing his profession and farming two years. In 1859 or 1860, Dr. Kenon returned to Salem, and lived on the north side of the Railroad. The houses were burned some years ago and the lot is the property of Mr. W. J. Brewington. He afterwards lived on the John Adair place south of the cross street, and the north side. He then bought the place built up by the late John McCarter, on the corner, east from the blacksmith shop, and opposite, south of the Railroad. He finally purchased the Adair place and remodeled the houses, and materially improving the whole place, where he lived until about five years ago he purchased the place opposite from W. J. Brewington, Jr., where he now resides. This place is now one of the most desirable residences in Salem. During the war, Dr. Kenon served as surgeon in company K, 34th Ala., commanded by Col. Mitchell, and also as Brigade Commissary. After the war, he resumed the practice of medicine in Salem and continued until 1877, when he retired to the privacy of home as a farmer and merchant, associated with his sons. The wife of his manhood and declining years, who is still by his side, has given him twelve children, three of whom died in infancy. One son, Dixon H. L. Kenon was killed in battle in Maryland, during the war. I think this was the oldest son to reach manhood and was unmarried. Eight still live: Mr. Warner P. Kenon, Jr., merchant in Salem and Columbus, residing in Salem, Robert L. Kenon, associated with his brother in business, residing in Salem, Franklin P. Kenon, farmer, residing in Salem, Mrs. Louisa Dowdell White, widow of the late Dr. W. R. White, now residing with her father. Mrs. Julia D. Dunn, wife of Mr. W. A. Dunn, Jr., of Salem, Mrs. Martha H. Hill, wife of Mr. Samuel Hill, associated with his brothers-in-law in business, residing in Columbus, Mrs. Emma F. Head, wife of Dr. W. J. Head, of S. W. Ga., and Miss Betty B. Kenon, the baby, who still keeps the sunshine of filial love bright under the home roof-tree, in all weathers. If there is any couple of their age who have lived in the same neighborhood nearly fifty years and raised a large family of sons and daughters to manhood, and in their old age have ample cause to be proud of their children, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Kenon is that couple.

Dr. Kenon's war experience in 1836 was stirring and somewhat exciting. Being only twenty-two years of age and full of the spirit of adventure, a rough soldier's life suited his temperament, and he went into the excitement both from patriotism and for the "fun of the thing." In May of that year, while at supper at his father's house near Dover, a courier came to warn them of the impending danger, stating that the Indians were playing havoc on the Uchee, killing and burning indiscrimi-

nately and for them to pack up and flee without delay, if they wished to save their lives. In confusion and haste, the family packed up what they could conveniently carry, and got away that night, crossing the river at Nettle's Ferry and stopped at the Harris county camp-ground. After getting things straight on the other side, he came back, and a company was formed, electing Hon. B. H. Baker captain and went for the Indians. As far as Dr. Kenon now knows, all of that company are now dead except himself. This company picketed the country around Salem until the Indians left that immediate vicinity, when it was dissolved, the Doctor returning to Georgia. Captain Brown was in camp at Hardeway's Ferry, awaiting orders and Dr. Kenon joined his company, which was made up mostly of Alabama refugees. They made several trips over in Russell, watching the houses, and about the time the stages were burned, Dr. Kenon was on picket duty on the north side of the Little Uchee, near Moffetts Mill. While on guard, he heard the Indians passing, laughing and jabbering all night. Being relieved at sunrise he reported to Capt. Brown what he had seen and heard. He and a comrade were detailed to reconnoitre, which resulted in the discovery that a large number of Indians had crossed the creek that night, going towards Wetumpka Town. It being contrary to orders, they could not cross the creek and returned to camp that night. A day or two after, a large party came over and considering themselves strong enough, crossed the creek to Wetumpka Town, finding the wigwams in good keeping, but no Indians. On cautiously looking round, they were discovered concealed in the woods. Dr. Kenon recognized Tuskoona Fixico and made for him. The chief ran and the Doctor made chase and an exciting race followed. There had fallen a vast amount of rain and the earth was full of water. The wily Indian took to the marshes and boggy places, knowing that his pursuer's horse would sink in the mire, and this only saved him. He made his escape, though Dr. Kenon was within fifty yards of him at one time. On returning to the Indian town they found large quantities of plunder concealed in their wigwams, which had been stolen from the deserted houses of the refugees. This they took charge of and on their return to camp, made storage of it at the house of Mr. Eli Stroud, with instructions to deliver the goods to their respective owners when called for. The party on reaching Fort Brown, found everything quiet, and having nothing to do, requested their Captain to make an effort to have them discharged, as they were in the U. S. service. With this in view, they went to Columbus, and that night, a courier came in with the startling intelligence of the burning of Roanoke and they were ordered down there. The Indians were followed to a point below Lumpkin, where they heard firing and were

ordered to "double-quick." As they advanced, they met Maj. Jernigan retreating, the Indians being too strong for him. On meeting re-inforcements, the Major turned back and on reaching the battle ground, found one man killed and several wounded, but no Indians. The sign indicated that several Indians had been killed and carried off. One of Jernigan's wounded men died the next day. Being ordered to pursue the Indians, Dr. Kenon tells a good joke just here at the expense of his Primitive Baptist friends. The night before, in anticipation of a fight the next day, they were consulting as to how they should best protect themselves against the Indian mode of warfare. Some suggested that it would be best to get behind a tree, as that was a way the Indians had. The Primitive said that was foolishness, for if they were going to be killed, they would be killed anyhow, tree or no tree, and it was no use to try to avoid their fate. The Doctor, though no professor, said that would not suit him and if necessity required, he would hunt a tree. The next day, sure enough, at Eachaway-notchaway creek, the fight opened, and the Primitives ran for the biggest trees on the battle field, and when the Doctor went to hunt his tree to shield him from the Indian bullets, lo, he found a Primitive Baptist "schrouched" behind all the large ones, leaving only a slim sapling between him and the foe!

## CHAPTER XXXV.

*Mr. Kenon (concluded) — Family Relics — Samuel Andrews —*

*John Haygood Frazer.*

The Indians retreated and the troops pursued, overtaking many children abandoned by their parents to whatever fate might befall them. The mouths of the little papposes were filled with moss and dry grass, placed there to prevent them from crying, and thereby preventing them from betraying their whereabouts. The point where the Indians made a stand was peculiarly adapted to their mode of warfare. The cane was high and thick. The foe could hide and pop away at their pursuers without being seen. Tom Carr, a friendly Indian chief and brother of Paddy Carr, would climb a tree and discover the whereabouts of the Indians and by moving his hand, direct the soliders what direction to pursue them successfully. By this means they were finally driven out of the swamp, which was about four miles wide at that point, being near the junction of two large creeks.

Capt. Brown's company remained in the vicinity of the Eachaway-notchaway battle-ground ten or twelve days, and as the Indians were making their way to Florida, and as the troops were short of supplies, they returned to Columbus and were soon after discharged, the war being virtually ended.

Mr. Blake Thomas was a member of this company and in this campaign. This was a cavalry company and were paid \$20.00 per month, the trooper furnishing his own horse and forage. The Infantry were paid \$11.00 per month. On the morning that the Sheriff, Geo. W. Elliott, brought in the young Indian who killed Joe Marshall, to Girard, Dr. Kenon was there and remembers a conversation between the prisoner and the Sheriff:

"Are you going to kill Indian now?"

"Oh, no."

"Well; you no kill Indian now, give Indian something to eat."

He was known among the whites by the name of Josiah, but his Indian name was Eas-ko. He appeared to be as sorry for having killed Marshall as an Indian could be for killing anybody and claimed that it was a mistake on his part. According to the prisoner's version of the affair, he had a difficulty with another Indian a short time before and had resolved to kill him. With this object in view, he posted himself on the road where he expected his enemy to pass, waylay and shoot him. His intended victim did not put in an appearance. About sunset, Joe Marshall came riding along the road and Josiah thinking it was his man, shot and killed him. Josiah was a young man raised by Marshall and it is said that the poor fellow appeared to regret killing his friend more than any one else. He was hanged for the crime in Girard, and was among the first public executions in the county. As stated in a former chapter, the stump of the tree under which this murder was committed still stands at the corner of Mr. Henry Gibson's field near Smith's Station.

Since entering upon the work of this history, many keep-sakes, heir-looms and family souvenirs have come under my observation, not the least noticeable is a venerable wash pot which has been in this family many generations. It was brought over from Wales by the founder of the American stock. At his death, he expressed a wish that this relic of his

native land should descend through the oldest son of the succeeding generations bearing the name of Warner. It is now in the possession of Mr. Warner P. Kenon, Jr., of Salem, and it is known to be over two hundred years old. It is of about fifteen gallons capacity and bears the marks of service, having a hole burnt in the side about three inches below the rim. The legs also are burned nearly smooth with the body. It is now in the keeping of the fifth generation.

While on the subject of family relics, I will notice in this place what should have appeared in a preceding chapter, but was inadvertently omitted by the oversight of a TIMES compositor:

There is in the keeping of Mr. James M. Davis, near Smith's Station, an article of domestic use supposed to be one hundred and fifty years old, and has been handed down thro' four generations on the mother's side, and was the property of Mr. Davis' great-grand-mother. How many generations prior to that, it has passed through, is not known. This relic is a spice, pepper and coffee mill, and has this inscription moulded over a copper plate: "George Slater Coffee Mill. Much Improved. *Honi soil y maly pense*. Warranted." This ancient coffee mill grinds coffee for the fourth generation of the family about as well as the late improved patents and is likely to do good service for many generations to come.

Dr. Kenon's sons, representing the name in Lee county, have married as follows:

W. P. Kenon married Miss Maggie Corcoran, of Lee county, Robert L. Kenon married Miss Lula Thornton, of Lee county, Franklin P. Kenon married Miss Mollie Payne of Lee county—three sons, all happily married, settled down in life and prospering, with rising young families growing up around them, indicating that honored name is not likely to become extinct.

W. P. Kenon, the eldest, has reached a degree of prosperity seldom attained at his age—scarcely forty—and through honorable and legitimate channels of enterprise and trade. It cannot be said that a "dirty" dollar sticks to his fingers.

My ever willing reader will now please follow me back to near the banks of the Chattahoochee river, where we will finish this short chapter. Early in the settlement of the county there appeared among the pio-

meets a gentleman named *Samuel Andrews*, remarkable for his restless energy, never being satisfied to remain at one place long at a time. Of this man I can learn but little, except that he laid the foundation for more settlements, built more cabins and opened more newgrounds on different places, paving the way for more emigrants and thus contributing more towards encouraging the early settlement of the country than any other man of his day. He raised a large family, and died in Columbus some years before the war. Some of his children still reside in that city.

Among the many plantations first opened by Mr. Andrews is now known as the Frazer homestead. Away back early in the forties, three brothers came from East Alabama—Alexander, Addison and Haywood Frazer, Alexander and Addison settled near Auburn and *John Haywood Frazer* settled on the place noted above, situated near Hardaway's Ferry and joining lands with Mr. Hop Smith.

He was a native of Lincoln county, Georgia, born in 1814. His father was twice married, and was partial to the name of John. His first wife gave him one, John Frazer and his second wife gave him two, John Anderson Frazer and John Haywood Frazer.

In 1827, Mr. Frazer married Miss Catherine Glaze, and followed the occupation of a farmer in various counties in Georgia until 1845, he moved from Harris county, Ga., to the homestead in Lee county, Ala., nine miles above Girard; which bears his name, purchasing the lands from the estate of the late George A. Walker, who died there 1843. Mr. Andrews built the present residence and also the cabins which preceded it, but at what date I am not informed. Mr. Frazer was in quite humble circumstances when he settled here, but being a man of energy, having a helpmeet worthy of him and the land being generous, he prospered rapidly, and at his death in 1863, after raising and educating a family of eight children, had reached an easy competency. Mrs. Frazer died in 1875. Their graves are in the Columbus cemetery.

Their surviving children are Mr. John A. Frazer of Summerville, Ala., in business in Columbus, Ga., Mrs. Mary J. Carter, of Summerville, widow of the late John M. Carter, Mrs. Martha Ingram, wife of Mr. H. P. Ingram, of Marvyn, Ala., Mrs. Rowena McNamee, wife of Mr. James M. McNamee, of Opelika, Mr. Arthur Frazer, at the old homestead and Mr. William A. Frazer, of Lee county.

Miss Nancy C. Frazer died in 1861. Mrs. Eliza Pace, first wife of Rev. John A. Pace, died in 1875. These all moved in the first circles of society in their respective localities.

Mr. Frazer respected religion all his life but never attached himself to any church until a short time before his death. Mrs. Frazer was a member of the Methodist Church, worshiping at Columbus, Mt. Zion, Marvyn and Opelika. Mr. Frazer moved in the private walks of life and was never drawn out by the allurements of ambition. Two of his sons, John A. and Arthur served in the late war.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*The Union Element During The War — Col. Thomas M. Hogan —*

*Early Recollections In Lee County — Barron DeKalb And Gen'l*

*LaFayette — Rev. Arphax Whitten.*

During the Confederate war there was a small Union element among the people in every State in the South. This element was composed mostly of men of means, who, from their standpoint saw nothing but the destruction of their property as the result of the revolution. These men sympathized with the U. S. Government during the entire struggle, who to their credit it can now be said, never took an active part against their section nor for the Federal Government, only so far as an open, candid, fearless and withal, respectful expression of their political views and claiming to be neutral in action went.

Among this element several prominent and honorable men will claim the attention of the patient reader in the course of this History, one of which was *Col. Thomas M. Hogan*, a native of Crushaw District, South Carolina, born in 1809, and left an orphan in childhood having no recollection of his father and but little of his mother.

Mr. Hogan was raised by his grandfather—a soldier of the American Revolution—of South Carolina, who was an intense Whig, and in the days of Union and Nulification in that State, was a noted Union man, taking no stock whatever in the Nulification sentiment. This principle was inculcated in the mind of his grand-son and accounts for his Union sentiments during the Confederate war.



Col. Hogan claims only thirty days school education, and is termed a "self-made man." In 1833, when he was twenty-four years old—he, in company with his half-brother—Rev. J. F. Little, whose father was a man of means—emigrated to Harris county, Georgia, and with some negroes, settled a plantation, where Mr. Little now lives. In 1835, he, in company with a friend, started to Mississippi, to seek their fortunes. On reaching Columbus, where he had some friends, he was informed that the Indians were killing the white people on the old Montgomery road and it was not safe to travel that route; so, on the morning of the 11th of May, 1835, they turned north-west and crossing the then Marshall's creek about where Holland's Mill was afterwards built, crossing the Hardaway Ferry road where Mr. Keever Stroud's steam ginery is now. This point was marked at that date—forty-nine years ago—by a small log cabin then in process of erection. Col. Hogan recollects distinctly that the rafters were being put on while he passed, lingering long enough to make some inquiries as to the route he wished to travel. The whole country was just being settled. That cabin is still standing and Col. Hogan is still living about one hundred yards south of it. It is not known by any one in the country at this date, who built this cabin.

The two young adventurers pushed on and stopped for the night near where the town of Tuskegee now is. On reaching Wetumpka, Col. Hogan found an elder brother and there he parted with his traveling companion and has never met or heard from him since. He remained in Dallas county two years, occupying an overseer's berth at six hundred dollars a year. In 1837, he visited Harris county, Ga., and during the visit, married Miss Orpha Whitten, daughter of the late Rev. James Whitten, then a Primitive Baptist Minister, but when the scism occurred, he went with the Missionary wing, and died in Columbus in 1859. Col. Hogan returned to the vicinity of Wetumpka and remained there as an overseer until 1839. In 1836, when the Indians left the country, Col. Hogan remembers standing on the bridge at Wetumpka, three successive days, witnessing the Indians pass. It was a droll sight. They forsook their native forests with great reluctance, and carried with them every article they could lay their hands on that they ever owned, whether of any value or not, as keepsakes, such as old irons, broken jugs, jars &c. The gray-headed old squaws and younger ones of all grades would trudge along patiently, bending under the weight of their plunder, while the men and military escort were riding behind, and shooting game at their ease and leisure. In 1840, Mr. Hogan came to Columbus and opened business as a merchant in the general grocery department. During his Columbus life,



the city was almost a continual boom and he prospered rapidly. It is a notable fact, which he refers too with just pride, that he introduced as an article of trade, the first ice ever shipped to that city, and regrets that he cannot remember the date of the first shipment. It was brought to Macon from Savannah and was transported from Macon to Columbus by stage, one block at a time. It was ordered for the benefit of the sick and suffering and sold at ten cents a pound. When the railroad was opened to Columbus, he opened a regular ice house and shipped it by the car load during the season every year until the war interrupted the trade. After the war he continued the business until he retired, from ill health and the infirmities of age. His son, Mr. John L. Hogan, continues the business to this date. While on this subject I will state that the ice trade of Columbus has assumed large proportions, there being two large factories, supplying the city and a large surrounding territory with ice from pure water.

In 1842, Col. Hogan began to issue the first fractional currency ever introduced in Columbus. This was done in answer to the urgent demands of trade for "small change," which was very scarce at that date, the absense of which seriously crippled the operations of small traders. This local circulating medium, a specimen of which, calling for "Twenty-five cents," is now before me, was in denominations ranging from six and a quarter cents to two dollars, under the then banking statute of South Carolina. They bore no date, which was omitted in order to avoid prosecution under the then existing banking laws of Georgia. Col. Hogan continued to issue this currency until the beginning of the war, and redeemed every dollar of it which was presented according to the face of the notes. It proved to be a great convenience to the trade for many years, and I have yet to learn that anybody ever lost anything by it.

In answer to and by way of recognizing his open neutrality during the war, Col. Hogan was appointed the first Post Master of Columbus under the "reconstruction regime," which office he held nine consecutive years, at the close of which, he was retired and succeeded by W. A. Johnson, upon Col. Hogan's recommendation to Gen. Grant. Mr. Johnson was a son of ex-Gov. Johnson of Georgia. Upon Col. Hogan's retirement from the Columbus Post Mastership, he retired from business, devoting his attention to his farming interests in Lee county, Alabama. In March, 1878, he was bereaved of his excellent wife, who, according to his own and other reports, was one of the best wives a man of the world ever had; and he now speaks of her as the chief agent of all the success

he has reached and the source of the best comfort of the best comfort he ever enjoyed in life. She was baptised into the Baptist Church in 1884, by Rev. James E. Dawson and remained consistent to the end. Col. Hogan has never identified himself with any church, but has always sympathised with the church of his wife's choice, sustaining it liberally with his means.

Having interest in Lee county and having nearly raised his wife's nieces, who were left orphans by the death of their mother in early life and their father later in 1880, Col. Hogan made his home with them, where he still resides, almost helpless from the infirmities of accumulating years, and is taken care of with a filial devotion as sincere as if he was their father.

Col. Hogan was raised in the historic districts of South Carolina, and among the many noted incidents occurring in the first quarter of the present century, he remembers the following:

On the occasion of the last visit of Gen. LaFayette to this country, an offer of \$500 was made by the Government, to any one for the identification and recovery of the remains of the gallant Barron DeKalb, who fell at the battle of Camden.

The remains of this patriotic foreigner were recovered, and the occasion of LaFayette's visit to Camden was celebrated by the reinterment of these remains in the Presbyterian Cemetery of that city. Col. Hogan was present on the occasion and saw Gen. LaFayette.

Col. Hogan, though carrying a military title all his life, does not claim to have any record in that line, and explains the way he came by the title as follows:

In early life he was very fond of amusements and practical jokes upon his friends, and when ever a joke or piece of mischief was perpetrated at the expense of his companions, and the author of it could not be spotted, he was in the habit of saying "The Colonel done it," or "The Colonel said it;" until in the course of time, it was discovered that he was the prime mover of three-fourths of all the fun and mischief afloat the title stuck to him, and he appears to enjoy it.

Col. Hogan has had nine children, only four of whom are now living and none represent him in Lee county:

Mr. John L. Hogan, of Columbus; Mrs. Eliza Yosten, widow of the late Charles Yosten; Mrs. Susan Moore, widow of the late Peyton Moore; and Miss Mary E. Hogan, all of Atlanta.

Col. Hogan's health is very feeble, suffering from excessive plethora and is as fleshy as the famous "Kentucky Fat Boy;" and though claiming no educational advantages, is a man from whose experience in the practical issues of life, a vast amount of interesting and useful information may be gathered of the old, olden time.

*Rev. Arphax Whitten* was a brother-in-law of Col. Hogan and also a native South Carolinian, born in Spartanburg District, in 1812. He was a Missionary Baptist minister and a cousin to M. L. Whitten, now of the North Alabama Conference, M. E. church south. In 1830, when he was eighteen years of age, he moved with his father to Hall county, Ga., where he married Miss Matilda Bennett, daughter of the late Mitchell Bennette, of Guinette county, Ga., in 1833. From Hall, he moved to Harris, and in 1840, to Muscogee and after, to Heard, settling down in Chambers county, Ala., in 1844, where he was bereaved of his excellent wife in 1848. In 1849, he moved to a place near where Mrs. Samuel L. Mullin now lives, purchasing land from a Mr. Windom. There is no visible vestage of the place at this date.

While residing here, Mr. Whitten married Miss Aurelia Priddy. In 1855 he moved to Smith's station and died there in 1875.

Mr. Whitten was a mechanic and wheel-right by occupation, and followed his trade wherever he lived, in connection with a small farming interest.

As a minister, Mr. Whitten is remembered as an earnest, zealous, pious and faithful christian gentleman, public spirited, charitable and given to hospitality almost to a fault.

His children were eight in number. Miss Julia Whitten, who was only twelve years old when her mother died, the care of her younger sisters devolved upon her, and she discharged the onerous duties with a faithfulness and self-sacrifice rarely seen. Having no brothers, the responsibility was particularly heavy. She lived to see them all grow up under her care. Her pride was gratified and her ambition reached. This was her mission on earth. When it was accomplished, her work was done

and the Master took her to her reward. She died in 1866; Mrs. Orpha Lamb, first wife of Mr. Alexander Lamb, died in 1870; Miss Doleska F. Whitten, at the old homestead; Mrs. Emily Bell, wife of Mr. E. A. Bell, of Texas; Mrs. Mary Tarver, wife of Mr. W. H. Tarver, of Texas; Mrs. Sarah Ard, wife of Mr. W. Ard, of Stewart county, Ga., Mrs. Matilda Crow, widow of the late Ira Crow, of Lee county and Mrs. Georgia Richardson, wife of Mr. John D. Richardson, of Stewart county, Georgia. The mother of these is buried in Chambers county. The father and those of the children who have passed away are buried at Mt. Zion church. Mr. Whitten's second wife and widow gave him three children, two daughters and a son, the only son he ever had. She moved with them to Texas some years ago, where she now resides, in Smith county. Mr. Whitten's memory is still cherished by the older residents of every neighborhood in which he lived, as a man whose character was worthy of emulation.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

*Judge Peter V. Guerry — Temple In The Wilderness — Mt. Zion —  
Miss Charlotte G. Guerry — Capt. P. V. Guerry — Miss Laura M.  
Guerry — Miss Sarah M. Guerry — Gel'l N. D. Guerry — Miss  
Carrie Guerry.*

The alluvial bottoms and elevated ridges immediately bordering the west side of the Chattahoochee river—both very attractive to the farmer, the one on account of their great agricultural possibilities and the other as affording healthy and eligible locations for residences and slave quarters—were settled early and by an element of social, moral and religious force of character which paved the way for still better things to be reached by those who come after them. Among these and among the first of these was *Judge Peter V. Guerry*, a native of Georgetown District, South Carolina, born Oct., 1781. About 1804, when he was twenty-three years of age, he married Miss Mary Guerry, a distant relative, of the same State. She gave him six children, only two of whom reached man's estate.

Judge Guerry lost his first wife in Twiggs county in 1818, and in 1820, married Miss Georgia Moreland, a grand-daughter of the late Rev. Nehemiah Dunn, one of earliest pioneer preachers of Columbia, Jones

county, Ga., who made his mark and durable record, whose work and life is historical, favorably mentioned by Bishop James O. Andrew, in his *Reminiscences of Georgia Methodism*. She gave him several children, only three of whom reached man's estate.

Judge Guerrey emigrated to Russell county, Ala., in the spring of 1835, settling on Gravel Hill, a half mile north of Mr. William Byrd's residence on the river road, at the head of the Summerville suburb. This point commands a view of the river for several miles above and below, and the Georgia line north and across the river, scarcely surpassed in Lee county. There was an Indian wigwam on the place and their neighbors were friendly Indians. A Mr. Taylor lived on Black-dirt Hill, Mr. William Webster lived farther south and Mr. Franklin McElvy lived near the head of Marshall's creek. The old hearthstones still mark the localities of those primitive pioneer cabins.

Judge Guerrey was a Methodist from early life and his idea of social harmony and general prosperity was inseparably associated with religious sentiment; and no sooner did he find himself settled in his new forest home than he began to experience the necessity of a regularly organized system of religious worship. With this end in view, in March 1836, he mounted his horse and scoured the country north and west, in search of a minister. Finding a superannuated itinerant of the Georgia Conference, who was recuperating his failing health, at or near LaFayette, he captured him and brought him hence, clothed, fed and nursed him a while and he was ready to "work in the Master's vineyard." But there was no available house to worship in. During the winter, the neighborhood south had received considerable accessions, and began to exhibit pronounced evidences of advancing civilization. Calling his new neighbors together and taking council, a will was found and a way was made, which resulted in a neatly finished, though rustic "temple in the wilderness," in a very short time. There were no mills in the country and sawed lumber was not available. The floor of the little church was made of split logs, nicely hewed and edged with the keen edge of the broad-axe, the seats were of the same and the pulpit board was rived out with a froe and roughly dressed with a jack-plane. The church was duly and formally organized, with Judge Guerrey as leader and steward. I have not been able to reach the names of the initial members of this church. Neither is the name of the organizing minister remembered by any now living in the neighborhood. He remained in the locality several weeks and crossed the river to Columbus. The Indian troubles of that year broke out soon after

and he never returned, and being in poor health, died soon after. In May, the neighborhood refuged en masse across the river, and Judge Guerrey being rather far advanced in life for active service, was detailed in the "home guard," stationed at Columbus. On the retirement of the Indians, the emigrants returned, and the influx of emigration in the winter set in with an overwhelming tide, offering those who had preceded them strong inducements to "sell out" their cabins and "clearing" and seek other locations. Among those who made way for new-comers was Judge Guerrey, who, in 1837, sold to Mr. John Byrd, the founder of the respectable family of that name, still holding the old place and surrounding neighborhood. The Judge moved down the river, opposite Columbus, where Girard was being built up and settled on the hill, west of the bridge, where the churches now stand. From this point he moved to Barbour county and settled near Eufaula, and in 1845, moved to Macon county and settled near Enon, where he closed his career in 1847.

His widow and the mother of his only surviving children, died at Enon in 1856, surviving her husband nine years. She was a fit companion and mother for a pioneer husband and children. In reflecting upon the character and life-work of Judge Peter Videau Guerrey in Lee county the corollary is reached that "he still lives" and will continue to live as long as Mt. Zion Church exists. For the little "temple in the wilderness," the result of his pious energy and perseverance was the foundation of that church. It stood a hundred yards south of the present beautiful rural chapel, which has succeeded it as present outcome of so unpretending an origin. In 1837, a "basket meeting" of several days continuance was held here, and is recognized as the first approach to a camp meeting ever held in the county, the beautiful results of which were so pronounced as to pave the way for a camp meeting the following year, when a large brush arbor and several tents were built and regular, primitive camp meetings were held for succeeding years—even until Salem Camp ground was regularly organized.

For fifty years, M't Zion has been the "Mecca" of Methodism in that portion of Lee county. Her people began to emigrate to the west, but M't Zion rather increased than declined in her position and strength, and today, she is represented in every conference south of her and nearly every State both south and west. M't Zion, bounded by her beautiful primeval grove on the north and east and the graves of three generations of her worshipers on the south and west, still stands in beauty, prosperity and glory; from whose sacred Altar radiates a power for usefulness and a

treasury of holy memories which will roll on down the "aisles of Time" until the "books are opened."

The oldest of the only two children to reach maturity which Judge Guerry's first wife gave him was *Miss Charlotte G. Guerry* who married Mr. LeGrand Guerry a distant relative, and settled with him near Henderson's store, in Houston county, Ga., where she died in 1846. If she left any to represent her, it is not known to the writer. Her only full-brother, *Capt. Peter V. Guerry* moved with his father to Russell county in 1835, and remained with him until after his marriage with Miss Francis Pitts, of Muscogee county, Georgia, and moved to that county in 1837, where he lived until 1854, at which date he moved to Macon county and settled among his relatives near Enon.

When the war broke out in 1861, Captain Guerry raised a volunteer company which elected him Captain and became Company C. 15th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. James Canty, who was afterwards promoted to a Brigade Generalship and was succeeded in the Regimental command by Col. Alex. A. Lowther. Captain Guerry was killed in the seven day's battles around Richmond, and when he fell, a noble patriot and soldier fell. His body was brought home by his comrades and friends and buried at Enon. It is sad to add that his wife and all his children have followed him to the grave and there are none to represent him on the earth. But his noble qualities as citizen, soldier and christian still occupy a "memorial page" in memory's book among his surviving comrades and friends. "He sought no honors and betrayed no trust," yet honors, social and military rested upon his brow and he wore them well.

Of the three issues from the second marriage of Judge Guerry which reached maturity, there were two sisters and one brother. *Miss Laura M. Guerry* married Mr. W. E. Tarver and is now living in or near Enon, Macon county, Ala., near the graves of her relatives.

*Miss Sarah M. Guerry* married Rev. Geo. W. Carter, a local minister of note in Macon county, who left her a widow comparatively early in life. She subsequently married Mr. Haywood Pipkin, and they both still live, near Midway, Ala.

*Gen. Nehemiah Dunn Guerry*, their brother, and the only survivor of the name, of his generation, was born in Clinton, Jones county, Ga., in 1823, and moved with his father to Russell county, when he was only



twelve years of age, and settled in life near Enon in 1845. Ten years after, in 1855, he married Miss Isabella Simms, of Mobile, and remained near Enon until 1863, when he moved to Russell county and settled on lands purchased, from Mr. Chapman, which were a part of the original settlement of Rev. John Crowell. Here he remained until 1882, when he sold out in Russell to Mr. O. L. Peacock and moved to Lowndes county, Mississippi, where he still lives, a prosperous farmer.

When the war opened in 1861, Gen. Guerry entered the service as a private, in Company C. 15th Alabama Regiment, and was elected first Lieutenant. After a year's service, he resigned and came home. He was appointed Brigadier General of the State troops by the Governor of Alabama before the war, and carried the title all the way through—even until now.

General Guerry claims that his war record, as compared with that of his contemporaries, "is not worth a cent." Of this, I have nothing to say, but I do have to say, from personal knowledge, that Gen. N. D. Guerry has led an active, useful, liberal christian life, moving in the first and best circles of society, encouraging the cause of christianity, sustaining the Methodist church and her institutions with his means and by his precept and example where ever he has lived.

He has four children, only one of which, *Miss Carrie Guerry*, has settled in life. She is the wife of Mr. W. E. Lowther, and they now reside less than a mile from the old hearthstones which mark the spot where her pioneer grandfather built his first cabin on the Chattahoochee river, in Russell county, in 1836.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*Mr. Willoughby Tillery — A Brave Mother — Origin of Mechanicsville*

—*Mr. William Tillery — Mr. John C. Tillery, Sr.*

In the spring of 1836, just before the Indians began to develop their hostile movements *Mr. Willoughby Tillery*, a man of small means and good social standing, finding it difficult to secure a real estate footing in Talbot county, Georgia, where the lands were high in price, sufficient to meet the requirements of a growing family of seven children, concluded, after consulting with a view to their best interests in the future,



to cast his lot with the pioneer element of the country and cross the Chattahoochee river into the Indian Territory. He was prudent in his movements, coming over to inspect the country and select a location in advance, purchasing land north of what is now a part of the Albright place, and about three miles from what was then Nettle's Ferry. His design was to emigrate in the fall of that year.

But Providence ordered otherwise and when the Indian troubles were over and it was safe to cross the river to his new home, Mr. Tillery had crossed another river, beyond which is found the solution of the great mystery of eternity. This bereavement left the widow in such a situation as to render it impracticable to carry out the programme mapped by her husband, at least for the time being; as her orphan children were too young to battle with an unbroken wilderness. The land purchased by her husband fell into other hands.

In 1838, just before Christmas, *Mrs. Rebecca Tillery*, this brave widowed mother, with her seven children, the oldest of the boys lacking several years of reaching manhood, resolved to carry out her husband's design and followed his footsteps across the Chattahoochee. She settled in the neighborhood of her husband's choice. In those days speculation ran high and about the period of Mrs. Tillery's emigration the financial crash came, which appears to revolve in cycles, from the certainty of their appearance and the uniformity of the number of years between each revolution. This observation has been made by shrewd observers occupying a standpoint outside of the circumference of these destructive financial maelstroms.—Mr. Tillery's arrangements, made before his death, having fallen through in consequence of the failure of others to meet their claims, his widow was compelled to mark out a new and different course. Her husband's original purchase passed successively through the hands of Messrs. Daniel Hunt; Manly; Sharman; Allen and finally, the present owner, Oswell Albright. Mrs. Tillery's two eldest children being daughters, and their brothers of tender years to battle with the obstacles to be overcome in a new country, rendered their pioneer life anything but a paradise of restful ease. Her first settlement was near the Cyrus White place, where she lived until 1844. During her residence here—in 1842—two mechanics, came over from Georgia and settled about three miles from Nettle's Ferry. Their names were James Sharman and Cyrus White, Jr., son of Moses White and nephew of Rev. Cyrus White, the reformer.

Mr. Sharman deserves the credit for the location and building of the first shop which was at the intersection of the ferry road with the Columbus and West Point road. Mr. White was associated with him later, as was also some of the Tillery family. About 1850, they opened a store and a call was made for a postoffice; and there was a prospect of the place becoming a permanent local centre of a fine growing agricultural district. But the little burg of Wacoochee, about three miles below, was ambitiously struggling for existence, and the country not being able to sustain two cities, both, after a manly competition fell into decay, as compared with their once hopeful prospects.

In 1884, Mrs. Tillery moved to near the ferry and lived two years. In 1847 she settled on the place now occupied by Peter Wells, Esq., and remained two years. Mr. Sharman owned the property at that date. In 1849 she moved to Tallapoosa county, but not fancying that region, her stay was short and 1850 found her in the old neighborhood, near Smyrna Church, on the Bradberry Teal place, where she died in 1860, aged sixty. The last ten years of her life was spent among her children and she died at the residence of her son John C. Tillery, Esq. It should be added in passing that Mr. James Allen was an active man in the early settlement of the Mechanicsville neighborhood. Game was plenty and hunting was frequently resorted to, that the larder should be replenished in times of scarcity and the necessity of keeping "hunting tackle" in order called for a gunsmith, and Mr. Allen answered the call by erecting a gunsmith's shop. The urgent call for such an artizan is only properly appreciated in a new country. Mr. Allen emigrated to Louisiana about 1875.

Mrs. Tillery's children were: Miss Harriet Tillery wife of W. A. J. White, Esq., married in 1836 and her husband was called out immediately after to meet the Indians in the field of warfare. In the fall they came out and settled near Mechanicsville, and are now living five miles west of Columbus near Philadelphia Church. Miss Elizabeth Tillery married Mr. Andrew J. White, a cousin of the above, who died at Smith's Station during the war and is buried at M't Zion. His widow emigrated with her son-in-law, Mr. William Shirley, to Arkansas in 1881; Mr. William Tillery, died in 1879; Mr. John C. Tillery of Lee county; Mr. Richard J. Tillery, of Lee county; Miss Frances Tillery, of Lee county, and Mrs. Mary Florence, widow of the late Thomas Florence, of Lee county.

The three brothers were all artizans, meeting the demands of the times. The eldest, *Mr. William Tillery*, married Miss Lucinda Teal,

daughter of Mr. Bradberry Teal and settled at Mechanicsville purchasing land from Mr. Sharman. Here he opened a shoe shop and followed his trade diligently, living in comparative ease and comfort; until his shoe shop developed into a store and he commenced merchandising. He died in 1879 and was buried at the Florence grave yard.

He raised seven children who conducted a snug farm on his place, he being in feeble health from dyspeptic symptoms nearly all his active life. Two of these—James and William settled near Mechanicsville. Mrs. Nancy Clegg, wife of Mr. John Clegg, merchant of Browneville; John, the youngest brother, continues his father's store and with the younger members of the family resides with his widowed mother at the old homestead. Mr. William Tillery was a member of the Christian Church, the tenets of which faith was revived by Rev. Alexander Campbell about fifty years ago; though they object to being denominated "Campbellites;" which objection is merely a matter of taste and not of faith.

*Mr. John C. Tillery, Sr.*, the second brother of this family, married Miss Eliza Davis in 1850. She was an orphan, and it appears that the longevity of her family was short. She passed away, a bride of only a few months.

In 1857, Mr. Tillery married Miss Nancy Screws, of Glennville, a relative of the noted journalist of that name. Mr. Tillery is recognized as the representative man of this large family connection in Lee county, and is a mechanic by trade, carpentry being a specialty. He does not claim to be a mill-wright, though on occasions of emergency, has assisted in putting in machinery of some of the earliest and best mills on the borders of Lee and Chambers counties, and has erected nearly all the substantial mill houses on Hallawaka and Oscenappa creeks, and the churches and residences of north Lee.

In his struggle in early life, he contributed his share towards raising the younger members of the family, and after his marriage first settled at Mechanicsville, and lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Holt, remaining from 1857 to 1882. He then moved to Meador's Mill on the Hallawaka creek, and built the present mill house on that site and assisted in putting in the machinery. The machinist was Mr. Tarbot, of Columbus. He then moved to what was known as the Zion Hill Place, two miles south of Beulah where he still resides.

This place was entered from the government during Mr. Van Buren's administration, the patents for the same bearing date of 1837 and are issued in favor of Henry Ware, who built the first cabins on it, all of which have disappeared. The exact date of Mr. Hill's purchase is not known to the writer, but is supposed to be about 1839, about which date or perhaps a year or two later built the present residence. It is of hewed logs and well finished, after the style of the noted Hymes house near Marvyn, though probably not quite so old. It is in wonderful preservation and as it is built high up from the ground, is likely to last another generation. Mr. Hill was followed by Mr. Ashford, who sold it to Mr. Tillery. This is an excellent farming location.

Of his six children, four have settled in life: Mrs. Georgia H. E. Wadkins, wife of Mr. A. J. Wadkins, Mrs. Laura L. Ray, wife of Mr. Romilas Ray; Mrs. Kitty A. Newman, wife of Mr. S. W. Newman—all live near him in Lee county; Mr. Thomas J. Tillery married Miss Emma Floyd, daughter of Mr. Charles Floyd of Lee, and moved to Gainesville, Clark county, Texas in 1882, where he is engaged as a printer, and is a rising one. Two sons, John, Jr., and Lee, are still with their parents.

Mr. Tillery rendered eighteen months service in the late war, going in Captain Ficklan's company, Major Barnard's Battalion, campaigning in Florida and on James Island, near Charleston, S. C. and was discharged at Smithsville, N. C. without seeing a battle. Mr. Allen Wheelis, Thos. Duncan, John Newton, Chas. Floyd and W. K. Aldridge are all that Mr. Tillery can remember now living, who were in that campaign.

Early in life Mr. Tillery joined the Free Will or White Baptist Church, worshiping at Smyrna about four years, when the split divided the congregation and he went with the Reformed or Christian Church wing, with which communion he now worships, at Beulah, sustaining the relation of ruling elder, after a service of several years as deacon. (The organization of this church and its salient points of difference in tenets of faith from other churches, will be given in a future chapter).

Mr. Tillery has just completed his sixth decade of time, and the mother of all his children is still by his side, and with his two youngest sons and his sister, Miss Frances Tillery, who has always found a pleasant home with her brother, make up a happy home circle.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Mr. Richard J. Tillery — A Baptism Of Mud — Up A Tree,  
And Then Down Again.*

I have met several families in the progress of this history, which, in justice to their unclaimed title to notice in these columns—the title being established by their numerous posterity, and their claim conceded by all who read—have received more than the usual space allotted. The Tillery family is one of them.

*Mr. Richard J. Tillery*, the youngest son of the pioneer mother was only ten years old when they crossed the Chattahoochee, and like others, acquired what education he has “at the spur of a lightwood knot,” going to school a short spell and to work a long one, the working spells growing longer and the school spells growing shorter each year as he grew up, until they finally dropped out of the programme entirely, some years before he reached manhood.

He remained with his mother until his marriage, in 1851. His first settlement after marriage was near Berlin, where he remained but a short time. In May of the same year, he entered as overseer on the plantation of Mr. William Pace, near Mechanicsville. In the fall of the same year, a violent and protracted spell of illness so completely prostrated him as to render him unfit for any service before the beginning of the new year. In 1852, in connection with Messrs. James and Nim Allen, he moved to the James Aldridge place, three and a half miles south of Salem, where they made a successful year's work, harvesting five hundred bushels of corn and eight bales cotton from less than fifty acres, without fertilizing, which illustrates the generous nature of the virgin soil of the table lands between the estuaries of the Uchee. This place was once a part of the Joe Marshall, or Ward place, and is now the property of Mr. Aphraim Barnett, who makes fine crops on the same lands, after more than thirty years of continued cropping. The country in this neighborhood has the reputation of being “worn out.” Facts prove the contrary.

1853 found him back in his old neighborhood, and the next year went into the shops at Mechanicsville, as a mechanic, with James Sharman and W. A. J. White. These shops enjoyed the patronage of a large community of prosperous farmers. After two years service here, he settled a place near by, which is now known as a part of the Godwin place.

About this time, Salem was on a boom. McCarthy & Atha had opened a large shop, the demand for mechanical labor centered there for several years and Mr. Tillery worked with them two years.

Rev. Arphax Whitten having opened a shop, years before near what is now Smith's Station, Mr. Tillery, in 1858 went into business with him, and in 1860, purchased his co-partner's interest, and continued the business two years, Mr. Whitten retiring. During the first years of the war, he was exempt from military service by his trade and office of constable.

In 1863, he purchased a place near Mr. Joseph Hill and moved on it, but the unsettled condition of the country, consequent upon the war retarded progress in every department of individual interest and enterprize, and general demoralization paralyzed everything. About ten months of 1864, Mr. Tillery followed his trade in the government shops in Columbus, and at the close of which, was detailed with a squad of mechanics to go to Savannah, but was at home on a furlough when the war ended, and did not see any active service.

After the war, Mr. Tillery returned to Smith's Station and followed his trade until 1870. Mr. Tillery's speciality was that of a wheel-wright and about this date, machinery had so far supplanted mechanical labor in every department, that wagons were shipped from the Northern and Western shops, supplying the demand "down South" at such reduced prices, that individual enterprize in that department of industry languished, and the faithful workmen of the olden time were, per force, driven to other occupations for a support.

In 1871, Mr. Tillery practically retired from his trade, returned to Mechanicsville and commenced farming on the Holt place, near the Methodist Church. The following year found him on what was then known as the Major Sharp place, six miles southeast of Salem and a mile and a half south of Mott's mill, where he remained as a farmer ten years. In 1882 and 1883 he farmed Judge F. C. Slappey's plantation, two miles west, and in 1884 built a cottage on his-own land, joining his first settlement in the neighborhood. He and his son have purchased the old place where the latter, Rev. R. J. Tillery now resides.

Six sons and four daughters make up this family. Two have passed away; one in infancy and Miss Jennie Tillery, an interesting young lady, just budding into a beautiful womanhood and the pet of the family, died in 1877. She is buried at Concord.

Mr. William W. Tillery; Rev. R. A. Tillery; Mrs. Frances L. Leggett, wife of Mr. Alexis Leggett; John C. Tillery, (No. 3); Mrs. Mary A. D. Leslie, wife of Mr. Jacob Leslie and Mr. Robert L. Tillery have all settled in life and reside within fifteen miles of their parents. Masters George M. and James T. Tillery are still beneath the parent roof-tree.

Among the sixteen grand-children, there are two pairs of twin boys in one family. In another family, all are girls. It appears that the sexes are about equally divided, but partiality is noticable in their distribution.

In early life, Mr. Tillery attached himself to the Christian Church and worshiped with that communion until it dissolved in his neighborhood. In 1865, finding it inconsistent and unsafe to attempt to live a Christian life without enjoying its privileges, he joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Philadelphia, the companion of his youth, who is still with him, uniting also, under the pastorate of the late Rev. Thomas Slade, and soon after, in connection with Mr. Thomas Leslie, was ordained to the office of deacon, which relation he still sustains to Concord Church. He has given a preacher to the Church of his faith and order.

An amusing incident in Mr. Tillery's boyhood is related: when but a lad, scarcely ten years of age, and while the family were making every honorable effort to gain a headway, everything had to crowd in the finishing up of the day's work. One day, in the summer, it was discovered that the supply of fodder in the loft was exhausted, and had to be replenished from the field. Between the house and the field was a deep quagmire several yards in width, spaned by a large knoted, gnarled and crooked gum root, which had sprung out from a tree on the margin of the slough, and afforded a rather uncertain "gangway," even to sure-footed passengers under the most favorable circumstances. Richard and his brother John were detailed to go to the field and bring up a turn of fodder for the stock. Bending under a heavy top-load, tied in a bundle, the two little boys approached the deepest part of the mire where the crossing was the most difficult, when John warned his brother: "Look out, Rich; if you slip off from this root, or loose your balance, you'll catch it' in a soft place'." Rich did not have time to "look out" for a "soft place," nor was it necessary, but he did lose his balance, and instead of catching it, he was caught in a "soft place," to the depth of several feet. This mud baptism was accompanied with an impromptu manner rather too profane to be found in any orthodox ritual, and is remembered by the actor as the first and only profane oath he ever swore, but one, in all his life. On another occasion, when he was a lad of about twelve years and a



school boy near Mechanicsville, the grass having got the start of the crop, he was detained from school a few days to serve in the "hoe brigade." The field was near the school house and when the morning recess hour came, he, in a spirit of mischief, ran to the spring and climbed a small hickory tree which had a very umbrageous top and hid himself in the thick foliage. When the schoolboys came running to the spring to get a drink of cool water, Richard made a noise in the top of the tree. The boys looked up and not seeing anything, began to throw stones, which soon started the game. On discovering that the strange animal was no other than their quondam school-mate, they began to pelt him soundly, and in his efforts to "dodge" the missels, lost his hold in the tree-top and came down. In one respect he came down as he went up—head foremost—but entirely too rapid for either comfort or safety. This little pastime came near costing him his life, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered, though more than forty years have passed since he caught that fall.

## CHAPTER XL.

*Mr. John Taylor — Columbus And Her Actualities — Opelika And Her Possibilities — Hon. William Lowther — Gin Factory — A Retired Country Villa — Fish Pond — Social, Religious And Political.*

Immediately after the Indians retired in 1836 Mr. John Taylor, an emigrant from Virginia, purchased a location from a land company and settled on the river above the Gurry, now Byrd, place and near the mouth of Turkey creek, where he began to open what was afterwards developed into a desirable plantation. The lands here were, and still are, both above and below, very fine, and the pioneer farmers of that region, as in many others, by their prosperity and liberal patronage contributed largely towards the building up of the city of Columbus in its infancy. And even now, if the patronage of this section was diverted in another channel, the proud "Queen of the Chattahoochee" would feel the loss.

From the Alabama and Georgia Factory, situated just above where the line between Lee and Chambers counties touches the river, all the way to Lover's Leap, two miles above Columbus, there is a chain of sites nearly twenty miles in length, the eligibility of which for vast manufacturing industries, in permanent security and contingency to an inexhaustible supply of raw material, cannot be surpassed in the State and possibly in the entire cotton belt.



While I am on this subject, the general reader will pardon the indulgence of a few reflections pertinent to the prosperity of East Alabama. The investment of a few hundred thousand dollars in cotton factories in the city of Columbus has illustrated the wisdom of the capitalists who made the plant, which, in less than a quarter of a century, the while passing through one of the most terrible war ordeals that ever swept over a country, has acquired for that city the just and undisputed title of *The Lowell Of The South*.

A corresponding investment capital and energy in the multitudinous sites above would do for Lee county and East Alabama, in the same length of time, many times as much as her factories have done for Columbus and the State of Georgia.

A large fraction of the raw material consumed in the Columbus factories is produced in Alabama—probably one half. A corresponding, if not a larger, quota of the operatives working in these factories are from Lee and Russell counties, in Alabama. Hence the labor of two thousand people and the raw material produced from an eighth of a million of acres of land in Alabama go to enhance the revenue of the State of Georgia.

The labor and products legitimately belonging to one State directed to another cannot result other than in the impoverishment of the one and the emolument of the other. *Where the carcasses lie, There the vultures will fly*, is an aphorism which will apply to all manufacturing centres. It is her factories that have made Columbus a railroad centre; her factories have spanned the river with bridges and her factories have doubled her population and wealth since their erection.

What the manufacturing interest has done for Columbus and West Georgia is capable of being done for Opelika and East Alabama. And when Opelika and her legitimate tributary territory take the initiative—positive and decided—in this direction then will their shackles fall and they will be free. Then Opelika will be able to compete successfully with her sister cities which have enjoyed so long the highest favors of a great international syndicate. I am not drawing on my own imagination or challenging the credulity of my readers in indulging in these reflections. The conclusions drawn are patent to the premises and logical.

But to proceed. It appears that Mr. Taylor did not fancy a pioneer life, or his health did not justify a continuance so far south. Be the cause

what it may, he remained only a few years and returned to Virginia, where he died soon after.

In 1843 this plantation became the property of the *Hon. William Lowther*, a native of Warren county, Georgia, born in 1816. The scenes of his boyhood and early manhood were in Jones county, where he was educated, and in 1837 married Miss Sarah E. Gibson, sister of the late Major Wylie Gibson, who preceded him to Russell county several years.

Early in the forties Messrs. Atwood & Bro. opened a shop for the manufacture of cotton gins in Columbus in answer to the growing demand for these machines created by the rapid increase in the production of cotton. The business changed hands, and Mr. Lowther was one of the firm of Taylor & Lowther. After some years the business changed hands again. This factory continued to increase in the volume of its output in gins and the excellence of their make until their custom almost amounted to a monopoly in the South.

This was the nucleus and progress of an enterprise which, before the war, culminated in the famous firm of Clemens, Brown & Co., which manufactured the most and the best gins of any firm before their day. This day of rapid progress has retired their make by vastly improved patents upon scientific principles.

With the exception of local interests incident upon the development of agriculture, Mr. Lowther has been devoted to his farming interests all his active life, in which he has been successful. He has raised six children to maturity—three sons and three daughters—Mrs. Anna F. Beasly, wife of Mr. T. M. Beasly, of Harris county, Georgia; Mr. Samuel Lowther, of Lee county; Mrs. H. S. Desportes, wife of Mr. R. S. Desportes of Columbia, S. C.; Mr. W. E. Lowther, of Lee county. Mr. Chas. and Miss Lillie Lowther have not yet settled in life and are still under the paternal roof-tree, whose holy office it is to keep the home altar bright and warm with filial affection as the dial of time indicates the lengthening penumbra. And when these shadows in the near future shall rest upon the tomb they will leave a tracery behind them—an unerring guide for a noble and pure life to those who come after and follow them.

The comfortable residence in which Mr. Lowther now resides was built in 1853, and is situated about a mile from his first settlement, three miles northeast of Mt. Zion, six miles above Columbus, at the junction

of the Summerville and river roads and in sight of both. For more than thirty years this retired country villa has been the centre of a refined social circle noted for its intelligence, cultivated taste and liberal hospitality, sustained by a wealth commensurate with a christianized ambition. The improvements on this "Home Place" are permanent and arranged with judicious taste and an eye to convenience. In the course of a few years the fish lake contingent to the house will be an attractive feature, both as a source of healthful pleasure and profit, if desired, nature and art combining to produce an effect of rural beauty pleasing to the most indifferent. And the arrangement is such as to require but a small outlay in labor and no expense to keep it in repair.

The war liberated about seventy-five slaves for Mr. Lowther, and it is remembered to day as a remarkable exception to a general result that the slaves of this neighborhood were not so completely demoralized by their sudden liberation. This is traced to the moral and religious training and humane treatment they had lived under all their lives. And now the labor element of this locality is claimed to be the most reliable and effective in the country. Some of Mr. Lowther's old servants and their families have never left him, notably the old nurse—the favorite of every family, when faithful—who rocked the cradle and sung the nursery lullaby during the infancy of all his children, and by her action since the war has emphasized the language of Ruth:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

And if this old servant should outlive her contemporary master and mistress the children she has nursed will claim the office and duties tempered with the sacred privilege of ministering to her wants in the decline of life, when needed, until the "sun goes down."

Mr. Lowther, among others, was the friend of the late Rev. Anderson Jackson, a minister of eminence in his day, of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, and to the wise and conservative counsels of these faithful advisers may be attributed much of the usefulness of that man of God to his race.

Starting out with fair prospects, and as he has never needed means more than was at his command, at any period of his life, the facts in his case are evidence that Mr. Lowther has husbanded well his time and the opportunities accorded him, and has prospered to that extent necessary to make and not mar a beautiful and a useful life.

In the organization of society and in sustaining its moral crest erect Mr. Lowther has exerted a quiet yet potent influence. Joining the Methodist Episcopal Church South at the age of thirty years, under the pastorate of the Rev. V. L. Hopkins, he was at once recognized by his compeers as a man who adopted practical christianity as taught by the principles involved. And these principles have been beautifully illustrated in a practical life, resulting in a sweet experience of nearly forty years.

Immediately after his union with the church at Mt. Zion Mr. Lowther was made an official member, and he has sustained that relation all the years since in one or more departments of church economy and polity. In 1848 he was made a Sabbath school teacher, and has been a model Sabbath school worker at Mt. Zion as teacher and superintendent until 1884, when his resignation was reluctantly accepted in consequence of the almost total loss of the power of speech above low voice. This loss, painful only in the loss, does not retire him from his accustomed seat in the Sabbath school room. His presence there is a felt force in favor of the principles the purity of which a long life has been an instructive illustration.

All his children except one are members of the church of his choice. Mrs. Desportes worships with the Episcopal Church.

Mr. Lowther's life has been one of the most quiet and at the same time active and energetic—an activity and energy controlled by a judgment, prudence and caution rarely combined, seldom bringing him in harsh and unpleasant contact with others and their interests. True conservatism is developed in all the walks of life in which he has moved. This conservatism has established for him a reputation for correctness which is the foundation of all desirable success.

In 1878-9 Mr. Lowther, with Hon. J. M. Wood, represented Lee county in the general assembly of the State of Alabama, where the salient points of his character were brought to bear with a recognized force upon the turbulent elements which are always found as a component part of

law-making bodies every where. And this force was exerted without any apparent effort, intrusive or obtrusive. It was the universally recognized character of the man. And the very presence of such men is a potent factor in the science of law-making.

Mr. Lowther still remains as one of the few connecting links between the pioneer and the progressive periods of the country.

## CHAPTER XLI.

*Columbus Waterworks — First Settlement Of The Site — Capt. Frank*

*C. McElvy — Recollections Of Travel In 1833-5 —Stock*

*Business — Old Settlers, &c., &c.*

As stated in a previous chapter, there is a locality three and a half miles northwest of Columbus and in Lee county, which, in a very few years, will be one of the most attractive rural resorts in the county, and as the years roll on its utility to the growing cities of Columbus on the Georgia side and Brownville on the Alabama side will amount to an absolute necessity, when an unexhaustible supply of pure water is considered. I refer to the *Columbus Waterworks*. And even at this early period of their use they are found an almost indispensable convenience. The place was first settled by *Mr. W. E. Barker*, the precise date of which settlement I am not definitely informed, but it is remembered by the living that Mr. Barker erected a saw mill on the same creek, in Girard, a few months earlier, which is claimed to be the first of the kind ever built in Lee county. As this history progresses other sites claiming earlier dates may be met with. Mr. Samuel Calhoun settled on the top of the hill west of the Barber mill and was burned out. The Indian troubles were brewing about this time and the incendiary was charged to them, but many believed it to be an act of malice by a white man. Mr. Barker was followed on the place by Mr. Barron, who, in 1848, was followed by its present owner and occupant, *Captain Frank McElvy*, a native of Tatnall county, Georgia, born in 1810 of Scotch-Irish lineage. In 1821, when he was eleven years of age, his parents moved to the line of Florida

and settled in Gadsden county, where he was raised and received all the education he ever got, which he does not claim to be classical. Mr. McElvy first visited Alabama in 1833 on a tour of inspection, traveling

through the State to Talladega, passing through the Tennessee Valley and returning by way of what is now the town of Salem. This rambling trip embraced the years 1833, 1834 and a part of 1835. He tarried a while at the Salem settlement, which was just starting on a boom, and remembers being hospitably entertained by Edward White, Bryant S. Mangham, Spec Perry and the Blake Thomas family, and stopping several days with Joe Marshall, the half-breed Indian chief, whose reservation embraced what is now known as the Ward place.

Mr. McElvy's recollection of Marshall is that he was a man of sound common sense, sociable in manner, friendly to the whites and hospitable to all. He was a slaveholder and was cultivating a fine farm on his place. During this trip and about the close Mr. McElvy, in company with William Towns, spent several days with the land surveying party near Rock Springs, in Lee county, and visited Tallassee, on the Tallapoosa river. Mr. Towns, in connection with Mr. Strickland, built Ingram's mill, about 1837.

In the spring of 1835 Mr. McElvy located in Lumpkin, Georgia, as a butcher, supplying that rising young burg with beef and fresh meats and game a part of the year. During this year he married Miss Lenora Stutsill, of Russell county, Alabama, and in 1835 went on his farm in Decatur county, Georgia, near Bainbridge, on Flint river, which had come into his possession prior to his protracted Alabama trip. In the spring of this year the Indian troubles called for Mr. McElvy's services. He went out as captain of a company of Georgia cavalry and was at the battle of Eachawaynotchaway. His recollection is that the battle lasted about thirty minutes, when the Indians fled towards the Florida line and joined Osceola's band, though it required a day or two to dislodge the stragglers and non-combatants from the dense swamp. This battle practically ended the war in that locality.

During the fall of this year Captain McElvy encountered the first misfortune and the greatest sorrow of his life. The measles broke out in his family, and in a few weeks it was entirely annihilated. Wife, baby, negroes—old and young—all died, leaving him, at the age of twenty-six years, entirely alone in the world. In reviewing this dark period of his life Captain McElvy lingered with a feeling of subdued sorrow which can only be appreciated and sympathized with by those who have waded through "deep waters" on the threshold of manhood. This one year satisfied him with Southwestern Georgia, and early in 1837 he sold his plan-

tation in Decatur county with a view of turning his attention to other pursuits. During his protracted Alabama ramble his attention had been drawn to the facilities for extensive successful stock raising and the rapidly growing markets for the same springing up on the Chattahoochee and Alabama rivers. This business, at that early period of his life, suited his ardent temperament better than farming. Having previously formed some pleasant acquaintances in Russell county, he turned his steps in that direction and engaged in the business of buying up cattle and driving them to Columbus, supplying the butchers with beef, enjoying the intervals of leisure in hunting. At this date game of all kinds was plentiful, offering rare sport to the frontier settlers, and he remembers spending many days following the deep bay of the "deer pack" in company with Colonel Thomas Colquitt, William Trotter, Brittain Harris, Eli Stroud and others of the old settlers of Russell and Lee, all of whom have passed over to other hunting grounds "beyond the everglades." During this year Captain McElvy married Miss A. M. Rogers, and in 1838 settled down again. This settlement is on Brush Creek, five miles southwest of Crawford, and in 1877 was the scene of the execution of a negro, under "Lynch" law, in answer to the commission of a nameless crime, committed on the same spot a few weeks previous.

Captain McElvy sold out on Brush Creek in 1844 to Mr. William King and removed to Columbus, where he remained eighteen months, supplying the city market with beef. In 1846 he purchased from Mr. Sharpe an unexpired lease of lands belonging to Colonel Wootten, lying in the fork of Watoola and Big Uchee creeks, afterwards and probably still a part of the Ingram estate. In 1848 he purchased the place he now lives upon and where he has remained thirty-six years. In 1849 he rebuilt the saw mill, which cut all the available timber. In 1852 he added a grist mill, which ground corn for local custom and the Columbus market until 1881. In 1852 the Columbus Waterworks Co. purchased fifteen acres running up and down the creek, embracing the site and water privileges of the old mill seat, for a reservoir to supply the city of Columbus with water, paying for the same \$768.75. The reservoir was completed in 1883, and is about 300 yards in length by 80 feet in width and 18 feet in depth at the dam, giving an average of ten feet depth from dam to backwater, supposed to contain 18,000,000 gallons of available water. In 1884 another dam was added a quarter of a mile above, forming a second reservoir, which, in addition to the first, is supposed to contain 100,000,000 million gallons, all of which, as the two cities—Columbus and Brownville—advance, will be in demand.



In addition to former references to this public work, it may not be out of place to say that under the present management and the enterprise and liberality of the city of Columbus it is growing to popular favor. Much credit is due Hon. J. T. Holland for the faithful fulfillment of his contract, its completion and vigilant superintendence since. It is an honor both to Columbus and Lee county—to Columbus for her enterprise in their erection and to Lee county for their location. If the famous Eucalyptus tree will flourish in this climate, I would respectfully suggest to the Company that the banks of the reservoirs be lined with them. If half of what is claimed for this tree be true the prompting of this suggestion is obvious.

Captain McElvy has been engaged in farming and milling from his first settlement on this place until now. Advancing years have retired him from active business life, yet, in his 74th year, he is quite vigorous, enjoying good health, even walking to Columbus and returning the same day without extra effort.

Captain McElvy has eleven living children—Mr. Hugh L. McElvy, of Gadsden county, Florida; Judge W. A. McElvy, of Brownville; Mrs. Mary J. Crow, wife of Mr. Sidney Crow, of Arkansas; Mr. Leroy McElvy, of Decatur county, Georgia; Mrs. Julia C. Bailey, wife of Mr. P. L. Bailey, of Lee county; Mrs. Sallie A. Jones, wife of Mr. W. F. Jones, of Chambers county, Alabama; Miss Jennie Hunley, wife of Mr. M. M. Hunley, of Georgia, and Miss Emma McElvy, Mr. Martin McElvy, Miss E. L. McElvy and Miss Cora L. McElvy, the baby, still at the old homestead, who, by their home-like hospitality and pleasing manners, made the writer's short visit there most agreeable.

Mr. C. C. McElvy was a martyr boy in the war of the States, dying in camp at Mobile, where his regiment was stationed in 1864. Judge W. A. McElvy served faithfully also, and was wounded in the battle of Manassas, losing two fingers also in the battle of Gettysburg.

In his early experience in Alabama before the Indians left the country, Captain McElvy remembers witnessing a ball play and green-corn dance in 1835 near Moffatt's mill, going in company with Jim Marshall, the chief and brother of Joe and Ben. Jim Marshall lived at that time where Judge A. Shotwell now lives, three miles east of Salem. The Captain's experience with the Indians was friendly, never having any trouble with them.



Captain McElvy does not claim to be a member of any church, holding the Bible as his rule of conduct. In early life he joined the Primitive Baptist church at Mt. Gilead, but was soon informed that in order to remain with his church it was required that he should sever his connection with the Masonic fraternity. This he declined to do, which severed his connection with that church, and he has never affiliated with any other. He now admires the doctrines taught by Mr. Wesley as the purest exponent of the Bible. He antagonizes whiskey, and like all sensible men is afraid to trust a whiskey-bibber in anything.

He was elected peace justice away back in the forties for Beat 12 of old Russell, serving several terms, aggregating in all about seven years. The precinct for that beat in those days was at Hines', one mile east of Marvyn.

One of the many pleasing traits of Captain McElvy's character is his gentleness toward the brute creation, making a pet of every dog, pig, cow and chicken around him. Even the birds which build their nests and raise their young annually in the trees around his home appear to recognize him and love him.

The faithful wife of forty-seven years' companionship and the mother of all his living children is still with him, and though they have not attained to great wealth are living in ease and comfort, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, happy and contented, gently floating as the tide their ebbing, respected by his contemporaries and honored by their children.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Foreign Emigrants — The Necessity Of Revolution To Purge A Nation — Mr. John Mullin — Fannin's Massacre, &c., &c.*

Now and then as this history progresses I meet with a representative of a monarchical government and am impressed with the forceful fact that emigrants from Ireland, England and Wales invariably make good and useful citizens of a Republic. It may be added that they make better and more useful citizens than later generations of the earlier foreign emigrant element.

Why is this so? The answer lies in the fact that the experience of a generation of emigrants is fresh as to the advantages and disadvantages of the two forms of government, having tested both, and their children inherit their preferences and prejudices. As the generations succeed each other this freshness fades, people cease to appreciate the true value of our free institutions, patriotism becomes gradually corrupted and liberty abused, and a great civil revolution becomes absolutely necessary to purge the nation of its internal corruption. History proves this. Witness the commotions of the ancient Republics, especially Rome.

This—the forty-second chapter of this history—will treat of one of the large families of Lee county, founded by *Mr. John Mullin*, a native of the “Emerald Isle,” born in county Louderry in 1799. In 1803, when but four years old, he emigrated with his parents to America, landing in the city of Charleston. His parents settled in York District, South Carolina, and as far as is known died in that State.

Mr. Mullin’s early life up to manhood and marriage was spent in South Carolina, where he received only the simplest elements of education, but was inducted into all the essentials necessary to a pioneer life. In 1820, when he was 21 years of age, he married Miss Permelia Biggers, of South Carolina, who proved to be a worthy consort to a man of his character and qualifications. Three years after—in 1824—Mr. Mullin turned his face toward the South, traveling through the forest and often among the Indians, until he reached Muscogee county, Ga., where he settled on Standing Boy creek, three miles from the river, and seven miles above Columbus. Here by honest toil—just such honest toil as a native Irishman can persevere and prosper in—he laid the foundation of an easy competency, teaching and practicing these solid social qualities which his children inherit.

In 1850 Mr. Mullin emigrated to Russell county, Ala., and settled one mile south of Smith’s station and seven miles west of Columbus, where his son, Samuel L. Mullin, now lives. This place was first settled by Mr. B. Martin and Mr. Augustus Brown some time in the thirties—about the period of the Indian war. Mr. Rosseau, Mr. Brown’s son-in-law, built the house now occupying the place. All these predecessors are now dead. Some of Mr. Brown’s descendants are living in Girard. Some of Mr. Rosseau’s family are in Columbus. Mr. Brown has a daughter—Mrs. Grigg—living a mile south of the place.

Mrs. Mullin gave her husband ten children, seven of whom are now living—Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, wife of Dr. Martin, of Henry county, Ala.; Mr. James Mullin, of Opelika; Mrs. Permelia A. Snell, wife of Mr. David Snell, of Harris county, Ga.; Mr. John Mullin, of Opelika; Mrs. Miranda Byrd, wife of Mr. John Byrd, of Lee county; Mrs. M. A. Dunn, widow of the late J. C. Dunn, of Lee county, and Mr. Samuel L. Mullin, who resides at the old homestead.

Mr. William Mullin died in Muscogee county, Ga., in 1852; Mrs. Sallie Floyd, wife of Mr. Jack Floyd, died in Muscogee county, Ga., in 1851; Mr. H. H. Mullin, the baby of the family, gave his young life on the altar of his country and was buried on the field of battle near Petersburg, Va., in 1865.

About 1850, the first year of his Alabama life, Mr. Mullin served his Beat one term as Justice of the Peace. His religious experience began in the year 1835 at Mt. Zion church in Muscogee county, Ga., where he was baptized into the Missionary Baptist Church, and his after life was ordered by the faith and doctrines of that Church, in which faith he died, in fellowship with Philadelphia, near his home, and in which cemetery his body has rested since 1854. He gave the lot on which Philadelphia church is built and contributed largely of his means toward its erection. It is one of the neatest rural houses of worship in the county.

Mr. Mullin's venerable widow still survives, in her eighty-third year, making her home with her son, Mr. S. L. Mullin. She is in the enjoyment of perfect health, with a happy frame of mind and well-preserved faculties and energies seldom met with at her age. She is universally recognized in her community as a "pillar of the church" and a "Mother in Israel," having joined the church with her husband in 1835.

It is encouraging to meet with such well-preserved relics of the generation that is passing away, with a memory recalling incidents nearly three-quarters of a century past and endowing them with the freshness of yesterday. At this day, carrying the accumulated weight of eighty-three years, she moves about with ease, and without fatigue walks to visit her neighbors and to church, and can at a moment's notice and with the skill of a girl of eighteen of this generation, prepare a meal to tempt the appetite of an epicure. And withal she takes a commendable pride in doing so. Her hearing is not dull, her eyesight is not dimmed, nor is her mind obscured by the mists of so many years. I speak from personal

knowledge, as the skeleton from which these notes are taken was furnished by her son, in her presence and under the old roof-tree, where the writer was most hospitably entertained; and I must in simple justice add that in all my peregrinations I have yet to meet her peer as a well-preserved specimen of perfect christian womanhood at her age.

Mrs. Mullin has lived to see all her children and many of her grandchildren members of the christian church. Her grandchildren number forty and her great grandchildren thirty, her entire posterity reaching eighty.

Her husband was in the service of the war of 1836, and went down to Jamestown when the Indians cut off James Fannin's head. He saw this soldier's head sticking on the top of a pole set in the ground.

Mrs. Mullins remembers cooking for two hundred refugees who had fled from the Indians in Alabama and camped near her home in Muscogee county, and she contributed to their comfort in this hour of their necessity.

Mrs. Mullins has followed this "History of Opelika" thus far with increasing interest and is acquainted with many of the characters, facts and incidents treated of, pronouncing them faithful, reliable and true.

Mrs. Mullins remembers that when she first moved to Muscogee county, there was but one store in the town of Columbus—built of logs and boarded up—and only one blacksmith shop, run by the late Major J. C. Holland, and she has often seen the Indians swim across the river, there being neither bridge nor ferry at that date.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

*Is It So? — If So, Why is it So? — Rev. Mitchell Bennette —*

*Rev. Jesse Revel — Souvenirs.*

There is another thing which has challenged my attention as this history progresses, and doubtless the reader's also, and that is that a majority of the earlier settlers of Russell and Lee counties, religiously represented the Missionary Baptist Church. This may appear strange, but it is none the less true. Why is this so? I can account for the fact upon no other

hypothesis than that about that period the Baptist church was in a throes of internal strife, resulting in a schism which hopelessly rent it asunder, never to be formally reconciled by organic union. Church organizations, houses of worship and other church property was in the name and possession of what was claimed to be the "mother church"—the Primitive Baptist—and the "new departure," the Missionary Baptists, were compelled, on their organization, to build new and separate houses and acquire separate freeholds to church property independent of the old. In doing this a majority chose to seek new and unoccupied territory, leaving the old in peaceable possession of the old. And numbers of them in seeking a new locality sought a new country. This appears providential. The outgoing element of the Baptist church was composed largely of the wealthier class, and it may be added without invidious reflection, the more intelligent and better educated. Hence they were better prepared in every way to begin anew in a new country.

While the Missionary Baptists are aggressive and consequently progressive, it is a notable fact that the original church is gradually diminishing, and in the course of a century, taking the past forty years as a premise to draw a conclusion, that church, as it now exists, will cease to be, either by a formal dissolution or by absorption. This is sad when we reflect that some of the purest men and women that ever blessed the earth were and still are members of the original church.

I hope these reflections will not be condemned by the reader as out of place or irrelevant or doing any party or parties injustice. I am simply writing facts in history. I cannot change the facts. The reflections are my own and are given for what they are worth. The facts are the simple and faithful record of past and passing events. They have their stand and value.

Among those old-time Baptists was *Rev. Mitchell Bennette*, a native of Virginia, whose birth dates back to the year 1784, and in which grand old commonwealth he reached manhood. It is not known at what period he left Virginia, but the dates on record find him in South Carolina as early as 1805, in which year he married Miss Dedema Turner of Pendleton district. Neither is it known at what date he moved to Georgia, the evidences only showing that in the earlier decades of the present century he was an active and useful minister of the Primitive Baptist Church, first in Gwinnett and afterwards in Troup and Heard counties, Ga. The old records to which I have had privileged access show this.

In 1835 when the commotion in that church caused disintegration, Mr. Bennette went with the new wing; and yet it is remembered by the living that he was never entirely free from the distinctive leaven of the primitive faith, and was considered by the more liberal class of the Missionary Church just a little too hard for them. The purity of his life and the orthodoxy of his faith were never challenged.

In 1849 Mr. Bennette came to Russell county and settled on the Salem and Columbus road, ten miles west of Columbus and one mile east of Mott's mill. Here he lived until his death in 1859, aged 75 years. For fifty years Mr. Bennette was a minister in the church of his choice, and according to the testimony of the living he was a man of God, doing the work of a humble evangelist, and was the instrument of great good in his day and generation.

Mr. Bennette's ministerial contemporaries in Russell county were Rev. Reuben Thornton, Rev. Frank Callaway, Rev. Dr. Posey, Rev. Arphax Whitten, his son-in-law, Rev. Jesse Revel and others, all of whom, except the last named, are now dead. His excellent companion survived him only a year, passing away in 1860. Two neat marble slabs mark their last resting place at Concord.

Fourteen children issued from their union, only three of whom survive at this writing—Mrs. E. A. Haughton, widow of the late Wm. H. Haughton, of Union Springs; Mrs. M. D. Cox, widow of the late Moses S. Cox, of Henderson county, Texas, and, Mr. James M. Bennette, who resides at the old family homestead.

Mrs. George Adair died at the Shotwell place many years ago; Mr. A. C. Bennette died in Lee county, where Mr. Seaborn Hadden now resides, in 1865; Mrs. Arphax Whitten died in Chambers county in 1847; Mrs. Rowland Hudson died in Troup county, Ga., in 1837. Seven died in infancy.

Mr. Bennette's memory is still fresh in the minds of the older residents of Lee county.

Of the same school of faith and doctrine may be classed one of his contemporaries, *Rev. Jesse Revel*, whose father was a native of North Carolina, whose parents emigrated to Columbia county, Ga., where he met and in 1814 married Miss Francis Lacy. Mr. Revel, the only issue

of this marriage, was posthumous born on December 25, 1815, in Columbia county, Ga., his father having died a few months after marriage. After his father's death his mother moved to Putnam county and lived in widowhood several years, when she returned to Columbia county and married Mr. William Newsome about 1825. In 1861 Mr. Newsome moved to Tallapoosa county, Ala., where he died in 1879, aged 93 years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was stationed at Mobile. As far as Mr. Revel is informed his mother is still living in Tallapoosa county at an advanced age.

Like all orphan children, Mr. Revel was thrown upon his own resources at a tender age, having school advantages which he sums up in months snatched at odd times from hard work, all of which aggregated less than a year; and when he became of age he was without a dollar and to use his own words, "could not read a verse in the New Testament correctly." The first years of his manhood were engaged as an overseer at a good salary, which he husbanded with a view of making a solid start before settling down, loaning the proceeds of each year as he received it, reserving only sufficient pocket money for plain clothing and a very frugal bachelor's outfit.

In 1843, when he was 28 years of age, he purchased a settlement of land and stocked it with the necessary requirements of a small farm, after which he married Miss Nancy McGhee, of Columbia county, Ga., and settled down as a small farmer. This place was in Harris county, Ga., north of Pine Mountain.

A short time previous provision has been made by legislative enactment for the relief of those who had become financially involved by wild speculations which precipitated the crash of 1837 and 1838, in the passage of the bankrupt law of that period, and when Mr. Bennette called for his hard-earned loaned money to pay for his land and stock, he discovered that his debtor had taken advantage of this iniquitous piece of legislation and that every dollar of his money was hopelessly lost to him. This was a heavy blow to a young man just starting out in life, but nothing discouraged, he succeeded in getting an extension on his land and went to work, made money slowly but honestly and surely, and paid the last dollar.

He remained on this place ten years, making enough money above expenses to buy another place in Talbot county, for which he paid the



cash. He then sold the old place, but failed to realize anything from the sale.

In 1859 he sold out in Talbot county and emigrated to Russell county, Ala. War clouds began to darken the political sky, and by the time the money for his Talbot county lands fell due the currency of the banks was depreciated to such an extent that a twenty-dollar gold piece was all he ever received for his land notes. This was the third serious loss he had sustained since he began life, and all through no mismanagement of his own.

His first settlement in Russell county was on the purchase from Judge Leroy Booker, nine miles northwest of Columbus, on the east side of the Little Uchee and about three miles northeast of Crawford. This place was once the property of Mr. Bussey. Mr. Revel sold this place to Rev. Mr. Taylor, and it is now the property of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Scroggins, of Georgia.

The war found Mr. Revel on this place. Wilson's raiders paid him a visit, and though they offered him no personal injury, they appropriated everything they could find to their own use, leaving him without even a meal, as he had secreted nothing. Stock, meat, corn—everything portable was carried away, leaving not even thanks. Mrs. McGhee, Mrs. Revel's mother, was living with them, and died there about the close of the war. Mrs. McGhee was of a wealthy family, and at one time before the war her property was assessed at \$100,000, all of which was lost by the war, except a part of the landed estate on Pea river, in Dale county.

In 1878 Mr. Revel purchased the place where he now lives, a quarter of a mile west of the Little Uchee turnpike, living with his son in 1876 and 1877. This place was purchased from Mott and Mustian and was one of the first stage stands from Columbus to Montgomery, established about 1834 or 1835. Some of the old shanties are still to be seen. Mr. Revel commenced improving the place and had the frame of a comfortable residence up ready for the roof when a tornado came along in the spring of 1878 and tore it to pieces. He now lives in smaller houses built of the timbers of the torn-up frame.

Mr. Revel has been a member of the Missionary Baptist Church nearly all his life and a minister since 1846, being ordained that year by a presbytery composed of Dr. Jeremy Bell and Rev. Early Greathouse, at



old Bethany church, near Goodman's crossroads, in Harris county, Ga. He served one church, Uchee Grove, in Russell county, before he moved to the State. This church stood near the east bank of Little Uchee creek, close to Bishop's bridge and on the upper side of the road. A large graveyard will forever hold the place sacred to the memory of the dead. Mr. and Mrs. Towls, grandparents of Mr. Irvin Johnson, and several members of the Bishop, White, Satterwhite, Slappey, and other of the old settlement families are buried here.

Mr. Revel is recognized by his church as a solid, matter-of-fact expounder of his faith and order, always holding to the old landmarks with a tenacity which has made him a standard of his church—one to whom reference is made in matters of faith and practice—his opinions being held in profound respect and his person in the highest esteem. The wife of his life is still with him, and they are peacefully, gently, quietly and happily gliding through the shadows of life with the eye of faith fixed on the "shining shore" which is just beyond.

Mr. Bennette is now superannuated from active service and is in feeble health. He is in his 69th year.

Mr. William Satterwhite, of Lee, and Mr. S. Brinson, treasurer of Russell county, are life-long contemporaries of Mr. Revel, between whom a friendship exists which will only be severed by death.

This worthy couple have had six children, two of whom died in infancy. Those living at this writing are Mrs. Frances V. Bennette, wife of Mr. W. M. Bennette, of Opelika; Miss Mary C. Revel, living with her parents; Mrs. Sarah F. Johnson, wife of Mr. Irvin Johnson, of Lee county, and Mr. William B. Revel, of Lee, all of whom are worthy representatives of a worthy couple.

### *Relics Of The Past.*

There is in Mrs. Revel's possession a common hamper basket made by a colored preacher for her mother, Mrs. McGhee, before Mrs. R. was born, and which is known to be more than sixty-three years old. It is in wonderful preservation, and it is hard to understand how a common white-oak split basket can be made to last so long. It is used as a clothes basket and with proper care can be made to last another generation. She also has a beautiful but plain clear glass bottle with a glass stopper which is known to be one hundred and twenty-five years old and is as perfect as

when first blown. It has been used as a "camphor bottle" by four generations, is of about one quart capacity, and resembles a small decanter of the old style.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

*Few Yankees Among The First Settlers — Why? — Mr. Yellis H.*

*Wade — Dr. S. M. Ingersoll — Dr. W. J. Ingersoll — Pine*

*Grove Cemetery.*

All the early settlers of old Russell who have passed in review before the many readers of this History have dated their emigration from points south of "Mason & Dixon's line," which in itself, as a fact, contains some significance and I recognize in it the fact that the early settlers were strictly an agricultural people and hailed from an agricultural section. The people of the North were and still are a commercial people, with other trades, such as mechanics, manufacturers, &c., largely interlarded. These were not in demand until the country was pioneered and somewhat "out of the woods" and towns and cities began to spring up. Then an occasional adventurer from the North dropped in. But a steady stream did not set in until along in the fourth and fifth decades. And when they did come few or none of them were farmers. The first and only one I have met who came in the thirties was a mechanic—a house carpenter. *Mr. Yellis H. Wade* is the oldest living citizen of Brownville. He was born in Whirlgate (Hellgate)—formerly a suburb of and now absorbed by the city of New York—in 1805, and is the first native "Yankee" I have met who came South as an emigrant and settled so early in Russell county.

Having served his indentures as a house carpenter in his native city and accumulated sufficient means to travel, he started South in 1830, when only twenty-five years of age, journeying as far as Philadelphia, where he tarried and followed his occupation two years. In 1832 he left the "City of Brotherly Love" and did not pull up until he reached New Orleans. The Creole city did not take his fancy sufficient to hold him more than two years, when he set out on his travels again, and when he reopened his tool-chest he found himself under the broad-spreading primeval oaks which shaded the spot where the city of Columbus, Ga., now stands.

The Indians were as numerous then and there as they had ever been, and were as peaceable and friendly as they in the nature of things possibly could be towards a race of people whom they considered as intruders upon their territory.

The first houses which the settlers built, though of an ordinary and temporal style, struck the Indians as entirely unnecessary for a short sojourn, but when they saw large brick buildings going up two and three stories high, they began to feel the force of the fact that the palefaces had come to stay, and that the treaty of 1832 meant what it said—the red man had to go.

Mr. Wade was one of the earliest carpenters in the new town and assisted in building a large portion of the new city, which was mostly of wood, and has given place to brick after having been destroyed by fire at different periods.

The town began to grow rapidly about that date and the idea began to obtain that in the near future it would leap across the river, or a rival city would spring up there. With this view of the future Mr. Wade, after three years residence in Columbus, and accumulating means to do so, invested in city lots near the river, on the west side, and above Marshall's hill, now in Brownville, in 1837. The acre lot now occupied by the house which he then built, and in which he now resides, was purchased from the McDougall Land Company, and cost him \$257.50, without any improvements, forty-eight years ago. This has been his home ever since.

In early life—my notes do not give the date—Mr. Wade married a widow lady—Mrs. Catherine Peace—whose maiden name was Bartlette. She gave him four children, two of whom died early. Two daughters—Mrs. Lucinda P. Smith, of Brownville, and Mrs. Martha Ruce, of Columbus, still survive. His companion died in 1871.

Though surrounded by Indians during the early years of his Southern life, Mr. Wade's experience with them was peaceable and pleasant, never having had any trouble with them.

Mr. Wade was a soldier from the beginning to the close of the Indian war of 1836, entering the service in Captain Evan's rifle company, Colonel Bates commanding the regiment, but passed through without participating in a single battle.

And now in the evening of a long though quiet life he, with his daughter and grand-daughter, resides under the rooftree which he erected in the wilderness forty-seven years ago, since which date the forest has disappeared and a rising young city has sprung up around him. Then scarcely a wagon trail led by his door; now he is surrounded on every side by broad streets, lined with stores and residences and thronged with a continuous stream of humanity to and from city and country in the eager pursuit of business or pleasure.

Sitting in his vine-covered verandah and looking across his shaded yard to the busy street just outside his gate he has ample food for reflection in contemplating the changes of half a century and comparing the "then" in its prospects with the "now" in its progress, and is, from a local experience and observation, better qualified to speculate upon the possibilities of the future than any other man now living in Brownville.

Mr. Wade has been a member of the Methodist church for many years, and now worships with the congregation of Trinity church.

Among the few who figured largely and energetically in the early settlement of Columbus, Girard and Brownville I find mention made of *Dr. Stephen M. Ingersoll*, a family name of cosmopolitan reputation, rendered so by the attitude before the public now assumed by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, to whom, it is claimed by some in a position to reach reliable information, Dr. Ingersoll was distantly related. Of this I have no positive information. Suffice it to say that the Doctor's relatives in Brownville do not lay claim to such an honor.

I may add that the Doctor's views of theology, if he cherished any, were so crude and obscured by such an impenetrable mist as to leave no record, either oral or written, from which they could be correctly formulated.

It is a known fact that pronounced infidels never pray to a God in whose existence they do not believe, either for blessings and favors for themselves or for curses and anathemas upon their enemies. It is on record that Dr. Ingersoll often prayed, after a fashion peculiar to himself. Hence the deduction that he believed in God. On this subject I can say no more nor no less.

Dr. Ingersoll was a native of Connecticut, born in 1792, and educat-

ed in the city of New York. Of his family nothing definite is on record. It can only be gathered that in early life he never wanted means, as his liberal education and complete preparation for the medical profession which he followed successfully in early manhood, fully attest. It is not positively known at what date he came South, but it was early, as it is on record that he took an active part in the politics of Bibb county, Ga., during the twenties and represented that county for one term in the Legislature, residing at the time in the city of Macon. This is according to the best information his grandchildren can give.

During the war of 1836 Dr. Ingersoll was a commissioned surgeon in the United States army and served in that capacity during the entire Indian troubles, and at its close was one of the commission under General Jessup to convey the remnant of the Creek Indians to their reservation in Indian territory. After the war he retired from his profession, but in the absence of practicing physicians his services were available and were gratuitously rendered. He came to Columbus early and was one of the company that surveyed the city into lots in 1828. Referring to the files of the Columbus Enquirer, to which I have had free access through the courtesy of its present gentlemanly proprietor, the Hon. John King, which courtesy I take the present opportunity to gratefully acknowledge, I find the name of Dr. Ingersoll conspicuous in every enterprise of public interest for a period embracing more than twenty years. His active and energetic temperament was developed in a speculative groove, in which he ran all his life, and as such grooves always come in contact with others of like character, it would be a wonder if such contacts were not often violent, bringing into active play the mightiest energies and too often the most violent passions of human nature. Dr. Ingersoll lived among the people of Columbus at a period when its roughest element was most keenly felt, and his peculiar nature and temperament was such as to qualify him, in a great measure, to be a ruling spirit during that period. In all this he studied his own interests, and as these interests were closely identified with the prosperity of Columbus, Girard and Brownville, his energy was directed to their development and growth. In this and these he had rivals, and as rivalry often engenders enmity, it is not out of the common order of things if we find that he made some bitter enemies.

For many years Dr. Ingersoll was interested in milling operations on the Georgia side, a short distance above Columbus, and his mills cut a vast quantity of the lumber used in the early building up of Columbus.

At that period what is now Brownville proper was a vast corn plantation, raising provender for the large numbers of stock required about the Doctor's mills. A large portion of the estate upon which Columbus, Girard and Brownville now stand has at various periods passed through Dr. Ingersoll's hands, which resulted in his accumulating considerable property. During the war he sold the lands now occupied by a large portion of Brownville to the old Eagle factory company. In addition to his operations there he was largely interested in mineral lands both in Georgia and Alabama, which interests his grandchildren still hold to some extent.

Dr. Ingersoll died in 1872, aged 80 years, and was buried in Columbus. He had one son, born in Alabama in 1820, to whom he gave a liberal education, which was finished at the Louisville, Ky., Medical College, from which institution he received a diploma as *S. W. Ingersoll, M.D.*, entered upon the practice of his profession in Columbus, and was progressing with fair prospects when he was overtaken by death on the 31st of August, 1852, at the early age of 32 years.

In 1842 he married Miss Mary Thompson, a native of Scotland, who bore him four children, all of whom now reside in Brownville, viz: Mrs. Isabel Baird, wife of Mr. Jno. Baird; Mr. S. M. Ingersoll; Mr. W. J. Ingersoll, and Mrs. Josephine Edmunds, wife of Mr. B. W. Edmunds. These were all well educated, some of them receiving the finishing touches from Northern institutions of high grade.

The prominent part which Dr. Ingersoll, Sen., played in the early history of Columbus and the towns across the river will live as long as they are cities. Peace to his ashes.

#### *Pine Grove Cemetery.*

Until quite recently Brownville has been without a place for the sepulture of its dead, the Columbus cemetery and the surrounding family burial places in the country being utilized. In 1881 Mr. John Baird set apart a lot of ground for a cemetery on his premises. It may be considered a private enterprise. The first interment there was a child of Mr. Babe West, in 1881. The number of interments since that date have reached one hundred and twenty-five. It is called Pine Grove Cemetery.

## CHAPTER XLV.

*Crockettsville — The First Courthouse There — Courthouse And Jail —  
First Execution There — Mr. Bush Crowder — First Settlers —  
First House — The Segar Family, &c.*

As stated in a previous chapter, the first courthouse for Russell county was erected on the hill, a little to the left, going west, of the lower bridge, in Girard. It was never completed, and the building used as a jail was insecure. Prisoners held under charges of capital offences and those under sentences of death were confined in the more secure jails of the State for safe keeping until disposed of. The inferior quality of these buildings cannot be attributed to the poverty of the people of the county, but rather to the unsettled public sentiment as to their location. Girard, at that early date, was as convenient a point to the population of the county as could be found, Columbus being the nearest trading point; but the fact was recognized that it would remain so but a few years.

Old Russell was one of the best watered counties in East Alabama. The Uchees and their tributaries irrigated some as fine corn lands as could be found in the State or probably in the world. Her pine region, which has been burned off by the Indians in early spring, time immemorial, to preserve the range for stock and game, had accumulated a deposit of potash as deep as the soil. These pine woods, the most of which at first considered valueless except for grazing purposes and the timber which grew upon them, were, after a thorough test by the "backwoods farmers," found to be superior cotton lands and more reliable for a continued succession of crops than the Texas prairies or the Mississippi valley, though not so durable. And even now, in their exhausted condition, where the soil is not removed by heavy rainfalls, it is a saying among the piney woods farmers that "our poor piney woods land has only to smell manure suited to its needs to beat the red lands for cotton all to pieces." And the experience of forty years has proved that it is not altogether an idle boast.

These facts, foreseen by the shrewd representative element of the county, produced a wise husbanding of the public funds, knowing that the full tide of immigration then setting in would move the centre of population to a geographical centre and that the seat of justice would have to seek that centre. This requirement was felt as early as 1837, and resulted in the erection of a substantial brick hall of justice at what was



then known as *Crockettsville*, three miles west of the Uchee turnpike and twelve miles from Girard. It was finished in 1842, and the jail was ready for use soon after. Both these buildings are still standing. During the fifties the jail was pronounced insecure by the Commissioners' court, and a new one was built across the street, south of the courthouse.

The first circuit court ever held in Crockettsville was in a tenement house, still standing, on the premises of Mr. Robert P. Baldwin, in 1841. During that year James Grimes was convicted and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Bush Crowder. This was done by the last court that was held in Girard. The condemned man was brought to Crockettsville, and he was the first person hanged in that place. The circumstance of this case were peculiar and created sympathy for Grimes. He had just completed a term in the Georgia penitentiary for a crime of which he claimed he was innocent, and the scales of justice were turned against him by the weight of the evidence given by a witness who, Grimes asserted, had maliciously testified falsely. This conviction so completely demoralized Grimes that he resolved to kill the witness if he ever met him and so expressed himself, which was proved on the trial. Shortly after the expiration of his penal term he met Mr. Bush Crowder in Mr. Cox's store in Girard, and supposing him to be the man who had testified against him, cut him to death without warning. Mr. Crowther was not the man, and Grimes had, through mistake, killed one who had never done him an injury, real or fancied, and against whom he cherished no enmity. Under the circumstances the jury could not ignore the fact that murder was in the man's heart and that murder was the result of the act. Under similar circumstances he might make a similar mistake. This, the first extreme penalty ever executed by the arm of the law in Crockettsville, was the most public of any had there since. The courthouse was then in process of erection. The scaffold was erected on the northeast corner of the public square, just across the street from the hotel. The late Hon. B. H. Baker was acting sheriff and sprung the fatal trap. The hanging was witnessed by a vast concourse of people.

The first house ever built in Crockettsville for any purpose was by Mr. Jerry Segar, whose father, Mr. John Segar, was one of the earliest settlers in that vicinity and lived about two miles from the town, on the road leading west, and for many years kept a respectable house of entertainment for travellers. The family name is not represented in the county at this date, as far as is known to the writer. His daughter, Mrs. Wash Sewell, emigrated to the west after the death of her husband, as did also



her brother Jerry, who died in Texas some years ago. Their parents died at their old homestead. Mr. Crawford Segar, a younger son, had a store and sold goods in copartnership with Mr. Augustus Ogletree, half a mile east of Salem, some years before the late war. The former is lost sight of; the latter died in Chambers county about 1878.

Mr. Jerry Segar and Mr. Green Sewell were the first two settlers of Crocketsville. The exact date cannot be reached, but is known to be about 1835 or 1836. Mr. Segar's store was the first house built. It stood on the lot adjoining Mr. R. P. Baldwin's present cattle yard. Mr. Sewell built and lived on the next lot, west, opposite the public well, and opened the first mechanics' shop in the place, which stood just opposite his residence, on the north side of the street. He sold out to his brother, Mr. Wash Sewell, who died there during the war, in which service he was on detailed duty as an army blacksmith. Mr. Green Sewell and family are lost sight of.

The tenement house in which the first court was held was built by Mr. Segar, who occupied it as a residence until he built the one now occupied by Mr. R. P. Baldwin. These two houses are the oldest now standing in the town, the first antedating the other a year or two, and are supposed to have been erected in 1837 and 1838. They are in good preservation.

The old jail is still standing. It is situated on the south side of Broad street, east of Mr. Henry Benton's residence. When the new jail was ready for use the old one was purchased from the county by Judge Thomas F. Tate. In 1859 it became the property of Mr. Benton, and is now a comfortable residence, occupied by his sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Shirley and Miss Emeline Benton. The new jail was burned by Wilson's raiding party on the 16th of April 1865—Easter Sunday.

The late Mr. Reuben Ransome, who died on the Uchee, where his step-son and his son-in-law Mr. Sheppard Lawson now lives, in 1875, was jailer at this time. There was but one prisoner in his charge, a woman, who was under arrest for negro stealing. It is supposed that the Yankees would not have burned the jail had this prisoner remained quiet. She, on seeing the Federal soldiers from the window of her cell, attracted their attention, told them she was confined for negro stealing, and asked them to liberate her and burn the building, which they did, carrying her off with them. Mr. Ransome and his family resided in the basement of the

jail, and the Yankees were considerate enough to remove his furniture, &c., before firing the building. This jail was claimed to be as substantial as any in the State at that time. It was built by Horace King, as were all other public buildings erected in Russell county up to that date, under contract of his old master, the late Mr. John Godwin.

On the occasion of the removal of the seat of justice for Russell county from Girard to Crocketsville the name of the latter was changed to Crawford, in honor of one of Georgia's eminent jurists. One of its oldest inhabitants has facetiously remarked that the place has been more honored in the name than the name in the place. In this regard I have nothing to say. Suffice it for me to remark that such is very often the case where great names are applied to retired inland towns.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### *Crawford — Her Lawyers — Her Cemetery, &c., &c.*

In the early history of all countries the social element is crude, and as the crossroads "soakery" invariably floats with the tide of immigration, often "blazing the trail," a degree of lawlessness stands out in relief associated with this period which, when compared with the history of later years, obtains a marked prominence.

Russell county was no exception to this rule. It is noticed that lawlessness and crime obtain to a greater degree in border counties than in the interior of a new State. This seems strange, but it is none the less true, even where the civil organization of the State is complete. It is accounted for in the close proximity of the borders of other States, which the naturally slow process of legal machinery permits as "cities of refuge" to lawbreakers, where they can retire in comparative security, and take their leisure in eluding the officers of the law until ample time is afforded them to arrange their plans and get entirely out of reach if necessary.

This facility for affording law breakers easy elusion of the law and its officers, thus escaping justice, has often called into requisition the services of "Judge Lynch" when the nature of the case from a moral standpoint justified in the minds of the people an arrest without a warrant and by other than an officer of the law. And there are but two stops in Judge Lynch's administration—arrest and execution. A trial after arrest is never thought of. The culprit is tried, convicted and condemned by a hundred

tribunals before his arrest, the heads of a hundred households being the judges, their wives and children comprising the juries. This process, though it has precedents as far back as history reaches, is dangerous to any community where organic law exists. I will add one more observation here. Judge Lynch puts in an appearance in all communities and countries during and immediately following the close of civil war, and in all periods and countries where the legal machinery is slow and uncertain. And even these palliations do not justify "mob law," so called, in a civilized country.

Russell county never lacked for legal talent of the highest grade, or the crude element of which it was in after years the outcome, as an examination of the local bar will prove. In this list I find the names of Thomas S. Tate, Judge of Probate for Russell county several years and afterwards representative in the legislature from Macon county; Judge Solomon Hydenfeldt; J. C. Alford, a son of Hon. J. C. Alford, the famous "war horse of Troup" in the Georgia legislature; Ealan Eiland; C. Kemp; E. A. Reid; Latham & Speaker; (Milton S. Latham of this firm went to California, was elected to Congress, later Governor of the State, and finally United States Senator for a full term of six years; the last heard of him he was one of the wealthiest bankers on the Pacific coast); W. E. Barrette; L. F. McCoy, who represented his county in the legislature; George D. and George W. Hooper; R. W. Howard; W. H. Weems; Augustus Owens; H. Bellamy; P. A. Woods; J. M. Phillips; B. H. Baker, who represented his county in the legislature; J. Cheney; S. Leary; J. A. Lewis, for some years Judge of Probate; Lyman H. Martin; Wilson Williams, for some years Judge of Probate for Lee county; W. J. Underwood, Bryant Duncan; James F. Waddell, and others.

According to the best available information all of these resided and opened offices in Crawford at various dates, embracing longer or shorter periods, during the history of the place as the capital of "old Russell." Some of them are still in sight, doing honorable service, and in a later chapter will pass in review before the reader. Some of them have passed to the "higher court."

During this period several negroes were publicly hanged in Crawford, one of which hangings, that of a man named Dick, for murdering his master, Mr. Yancy, near Salem, about 1850, was witnessed by the writer; and I must say that it did not create a taste for such exhibitions. "Golgotha Hill," half a mile north of the town and east of the cemetery, was

thescene, and it was "enjoyed" by a vast concourse of both sexes and colors.

The Crawford cemetery is located half a mile or more northwest of the town. The first interment, as now remembered by the living, was the remains of Mrs. Wayne, daughter of Mr. Padgett. This is all that is known, as no stone marks the spot and all who witnessed it have moved away or died.

Nature has been liberal in supplying the material for a high development of beauty and attractiveness for this "city of the dead," which contains the ashes of some of the best men and women of their day. In June, 1884, the writer visited this spot and spent several hours in solitary musings in communion with the memories of the olden time which the surroundings recalled.

When it is remembered that Crawford, during the early years of its growth, was surrounded by sparsely settled neighborhoods, being located in a pine region and the land being in little demand so long as lands of a higher grade were available in the county, it is easy to account for the proverbial healthiness of the place and also for its slow growth, never reaching a permanent population of over two hundred. Hence, though it has been more than forty years since the first grave was opened, I do not suppose that more than sixty persons have found sepulture in this cemetery since that time. For the benefit of those living far and near who have friends buried here I will place on record those graves which are marked and can be identified. A small, neat marble slab bears the following inscription:

"Anderson, son of F. G. and S. Jones, died Oct. 1st, 1887, aged 14 m. 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'."

The father of this little one was brutally murdered in Auburn, in the presence of his family a few years ago. The mother, a sister of Mr. John Buchanan, still resides there.

"Sarah M., daughter of John M. and Anna P. Rutledge; died Oct. 6, 1861, aged 7 years.

"This humble tribute of a parent's love  
Not only marks the spot where she lies,  
But warning gives to all who hither rove  
To seek in death a home beyond the skies."

This inscription is on a marble slab. The parents are old settlers and both still live two and a half miles north of Crawford. A slab raised two and a half feet above the surface, on six pedestals and surrounded by an iron railing, has the following:

"Alfred P. Reid, Esq. Died in Crawford July 18th, 1853; aged 38 years. This tomb was erected by his wife, Eveline E. Reid, in token of her love and affection."

Mr. Reid was a rising Crawford lawyer. A young white oak, tall and vigorous, has sprung up within the railing and if not removed will destroy it.

The visitor's attention is challenged by an elegant monument, six feet high and surmounted by an urn. The monument is tastefully designed and skillfully executed in the Ionian style. The inscription is:

"S. O. Hopkins. Born Dec. 7th, 1811; aged 43 years."

The reverse bears the mystic device of the I. O. O. F. The shaft has lost its perpendicular about four inches. Two palmetto trees stand at the head. The hand of affection has beautifully arranged sea shells around the grave. The widow still survives, in Crawford.

An iron railing enclosing several graves bears an iron plate, 8 by 12 inches, with this inscription:

"Simeon, died Nov. 17th, 1856. Mary G. Goslin died Oct. 30th, 1856."

Mrs. Mary Stephens, mother of Mrs. Wiggins, who died in Columbus in 1884, past ninety years of age, grandmother of Mrs. James Harris, great grandmother of Mrs. Absalom Eiland, and great great grandmother of a rising generation in Lee county and other localities, aggregating in all more than four hundred persons, was buried here many years ago. Eight palmetto trees have grown up on the grave, some of which are ten feet in height, and they are the only marks by which it can be identified

by those who may wish to visit the spot. If each of the numerous posterity of this venerable matriach were to contribute one dollar for the purpose, a monument, recording the death of one the date of whose birth reaches farther back than any one known to have been buried in Lee county, would soon displace the palmettos. Who will have the honor of inaugurating such a movement?

An iron railing encloses a small marble slab bearing this touching inscription:

"Florence, daughter of Dr. T. F. and Julia Nolan. Died July 2d, aged one year.

"This lovely bud, so young and fair—  
Called hence by early doom—  
Came just to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise could bloom."

A slab surmounted by a monument nine feet high, on which the device and emblems of the A. F. & A. M. are cut in relief, tells you where the ashes of one of Crawford's noblemen are encoffined. The shaft is shaded by a thrifty young Tree of Paradise and bears this short inscription:

"B. H. Baker. Born April 1, 1811; died June 9, 1864."

This monument has lost its perpendicular nearly a foot.\*

On retiring from the place sacred to the memory of many of the pioneers of Crawford my attention was attracted to a "wee bit" of a grave neatly bordered with pressed brick and covered with clean white sand. On the little mound was a small vessel containing a circlet of flowers, long faded and lifeless, in the centre of which was a rosebud as fresh as if just plucked from the parent stem. Somebody's darling.

Will the good people of Crawford permit the resting place of Crawford permit the resting place of their dead to remain in the dilapidated and unattractive condition it now is when the natural surrounding contribute so largely to make it "a thing of beauty?"

\*Since the notes were taken from which this chapter is written I learn that Col. Baker's son has visited the spot, had the shaft readjusted and made other improvements to the lot.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*Crawford — Churches — Uchee Grove Church — First Physicians —  
First Business Offices — The Early Residences, &c.*

It appears from tradition that there was but little standard morality and less religious sentiment of any tangible sort in Crawford during the early days. Though the transfer of the county site of Russell brought but little of the rougher element with it from Girard, there was brought an agent which all history of all lands records as prolific in producing anything else but a healthy moral and religious sentiment. That agent was whiskey. It may be truthfully said of all towns where lawlessness has obtained to a notable extent that the lawbreaking element is largely non-resident. And this applies to Crawford, for its resident citizenship has always been, civilly and socially, a good average when compared with other towns during corresponding periods of growth and history.

As to who preached the first sermon it is not definitely known, but tradition says that a Methodist minister passed through the country in 1829 or 1830 and preached to the Indians and a few whites on the south bank of the Uchee, a few miles east of Crawford. He is described as a short man, of middle age and dark complexion. This description and date correspond well with the history and work of the late *Rev. Morgan C. Turrentine*. About 1838 or 1840 a Primitive Baptist minister preached in the tenement house, previously noticed, on the premises of Mr. R. P. Baldwin, whose name is not definitely remembered, but supposed to be the Rev. Haygood, a very venerable minister of that order still residing in Monroe county, Ga., nearly one hundred years old, and a near relative of the Rev. Atticus G. Haygood of the Georgia Conference, M. E. Church South.

The house referred to was used for occasional service of all denominations until about 1850, or probably a year or two later, when the Masonic Hall was erected, the basement of which was afterwards used as a neutral house of worship until denominational houses were built. It is still used as an academy. The Methodist Church has been represented in Crawford, with but little intermission, since 1850, being supplied with pastors by the Alabama Conference, among the earliest of whom were the Revs. Jno. W. Starr, John T. Reper and W. B. Neal. About 1854 the Rev. Charles L. Hayes, a superannuated minister of the Georgia Confer-



ence, and the Rev. John Keating, a local preacher, settled about three miles southwest of Crawford and were instrumental in awakening a more pronounced moral and religious sentiment both in the town and surrounding country, the result of whose labors is still seen and felt. Their labor is finished, but their work is not done, nor will it be until the last wave of time shall roll into eternity. The building of the *Baptist Church* at Crawford was the outcome of the influence and moral energy of the Rev. Jesse Revell and Mr. W. S. Satterwhite, assisted by others. Mr. Satterwhite assisted in the erection of Uchee Grove church, near Bishop's Bridge. This church proper was organized in a private house, Mr. John Nolan's some months before, where worship was regularly held until the building was completed. The Rev. David Elkins was present. Among the initial members were John Nolan, John White, some members of the Bishop family, John S. Satterwhite, their wives and some of their daughters, all of whom, as far as known, are now dead, except Mr. and Mrs. Satterwhite. The location not being a convenient centre for the denomination in that section it was found necessary to dissolve in a few years. The building was taken down and moved to Crawford, and while in process of re-erection there was blown down by a windstorm. The membership, which had been reorganized, worshipped in the basement of the Masonic Hall, under various pastoral charges, until 1840, when the present substantial church was finished. The congregation is now served by the Rev. Hillman of Georgia. The spot where Uchee Grove Missionary Baptist church stood is still and probably will forever be held sacred to the memory of the dead, as a large graveyard is there and is still a place of burial for the descendants of some of the pioneers whose dust has been mouldering nearly forty years. The *Crawford Hotel* was built, shortly after the courthouse was completed, by the late Maj. Henry Moffatt, an energetic and thrifty farmer, who opened a fine plantation on the Uchee about the close of the Indian troubles of 1856, where he also built what has been known for forty-seven years as Moffatt's Mill, on that creek, residing many years a half mile east of the mill. About eight years of this period these mills were owned by Mr. Douglass, who died of cancer in 1883, when the property reverted back to the Moffatt family. Mr. Moffatt also built the most imposing residence in the vicinity of Crawford, known as the Tucabatchee House, which I think is now occupied by the Rev. Benton. Of Major Moffatt I shall have a more extended notice for a later chapter, as he was an active man and contributed largely to the development of the country in the early days, carrying with him considerable influence. *One of the oldest houses* now standing and still used as a residence was built by Mr. Lewis Calhoun in or about



1842. Mr. Calhoun was associated with the sheriffalty of Russell county some years. This house stands a quarter of a mile northeast of the courthouse, and half that distance, north, from the Columbus road. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun both died in this house, the property passing into the hands of Dr. Boykin at the estate sale during the late war. Mr. John Bevill was the next occupant. He also died there in 1865 or 1866. His heirs sold the place in 1868 to Mrs. Nancy G. Williamson, who died there in 1871 at an advanced age. It is now the property of the widow of the late John White, who resides there with her son-in-law, Thomas J. Gibson, acting Justice of the Peace of the Crawford Beat. The large fine residence opposite the above and about one hundred yards south of the road was build by Judge Thos. S. Tate and by him occupied many years. In 1844 it was occupied by the Rev. C. W. Buck, M. D. This was and still is the most commodious residence ever erected in Crawford, and in the early days was the scene of many convivial occasions of the higher social life of the town, drawing visitors from a distance who enjoyed the hospitality of its popular host, who was noted far and wide for fine qualities, public and private, assisted by his accomplished lady, both of whom are now dead. Judge Tate, as Judge of Probate for Russell county, issued the marriage credentials for the writer in 1851.

The house standing on the cross street leading north and on the west side was built by Mr. Moreland in 1871 for a residence, where he lived until 1874. Mr. Bishop was the last occupant. It is now the property of Mr. Samuel Lawhon of Columbus and is unoccupied. The house north of this was built by the late Hartwell B. Greene, a very early settler of the county. This house is about the age of the Calhoun house above mentioned. Dr. Greene, Dr. Grigg, Dr. Lockhart and Judge John A. Lewis occupied it at different times. Mr. W. H. Sears lived there many years, to whom it may yet probably belong. Mr. Sears opened a store at what is known as Sears' crossroads, near Moffatt's Mill, and sold goods there several years. This property is now occupied by Mr. Samuel Meadows. Mr. Sears was also a merchant in Crawford during his residence there, and is pursuing the same business in Columbus, where he now resides. The Hon. E. H. Baker married his daughter.

*R. W. Howard*, attorney at law, built an office on the west side of Broad street, west of the courtrouse, at quite an early day, which was moved later to the northwest corner of courthouse square by Mr. Terry for a storehouse and occupied by him as such for some years. Mr. Terry is a merchant in Columbus, and the house is now occupied by Mr. J. W.

Jordan for the same purpose. Mr. Jordan resides in the house built by Thomas Kemp, Esq., about 1849, who died there about 1852. His widow afterwards went west. Hon. L. F. McCoy lived there several years and was followed by Dr. Foreman, who now resides a few miles west of Auburn. Mr. Terry was succeeded by Dr. Foreman and was followed by the present occupants in 1882.

Another of the first law offices built in the town was by Barnette & Speaker, east of the courthouse, between Mr. Benton's store and the southeast corner of the square, and moved later to the northeast corner of Main and the cross street, opposite both the hotel and Mr. Benton's store. It is now owned by Mr. Moreland and is vacant. Dr. Grigg built an office near the southeast corner of the square, on Broad street. Dr. Putnam occupied it a short time and Hooper & Son several years as a law office. It is now vacant.

The residence standing off some distance in the field, south of the old jail; was built by the late Berry W. Edwards, who met with a sudden death in his father's mill in 1865. Mr. Benjamin Edge succeeded him in the house, which is now owned and occupied by Jerry Sanders, a respectable freedman and skillful blacksmith of the town. There are two other blacksmith shops in the town, one of which is owned by the above and the other by Mr. Benton.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

*Russell and Lee County's Representatives—Hon. W. R. King—Sterling G. Hopkins—His Contemporaries—William Moreland*

Though, as before stated, the first circuit court for Russell county was held beginning on the 14th day of October, in the year 1833, it appears that its judicial and political organization was not complete until as late as the year 1836, as the records show that *Nimrod W. Long* was its first representative in the State Legislature for the year 1837, followed by James Abercrombie for 1838 and 1839, Bryant S. Mangham for 1840, Brittain D. Harris for 1841 and 1842, Robert S. Hardaway and William Barnette for 1844, and Robert S. Hardaway and William Barnette for 1845. Up to 1845 the term of service embraced only one year. After that date and until the present each election for Senators and Representatives embraces a period of two years. Alabama's first United States

Senator was the *Hon. W. R. King*, from 1819 to 1844, who held his seat for a longer period than any of his successors—twenty-five years. His associates during that time were: John W. Walker, from 1819 to 1822; William Kelly, from 1822 to 1825; Henry Chambers, from 1825 to 1826; John McKinley, from 1826 to 1831; Gabriel Moore, from 1831 to 1837; Clement C. Clay, from 1837 to 1842, and A. P. Bagby, from 1842 to 1848. Mr. King was succeeded, in 1844 to 1848, by Dixon H. Lewis; 1848 to 1849, Benjamin Fitzpatrick; 1849 to 1853, Jeremiah Clements; 1853 to 1861, C. C. Clay, Jr. Mr. Bagby was succeeded, in 1848 to 1853, by William R. King, and from 1853 to 1861 by Benjamin Fitzpatrick. The latter and Mr. Clay were Senators at the beginning the the war troubles which culminated in open hostilities between the States in 1861.

Mr. King's entire service in the United States Senate from Alabama, from the admission into the Union in 1819 to his election to the Vice-Presidency on the Pierce ticket in 1852, covered thirty years, and doubtless would have embraced his entire Alabama life, but the interregnum from 1844 to 1847 was caused by his appointment as Minister to France, at the expiration of which service he was again appointed to his old seat by the Governor to complete the unexpired term of Senator Bagby, appointed Minister to Russia.

The oath of office for Vice-President was administered to Mr. King on the island of Cuba, where he had repaired to recuperate his rapidly declining health. He never entered upon the active duties of his office, but passed away in the midst of his friends, at his home in Dallas county, shortly after his return from Cuba.

I have dwelt thus long upon Mr. King's public service for other reasons than that he was Alabama's first United States Senator and one of the farmers and signers of the State constitution. Mr. King was the only man who had reached a place on a successful ticket for the Chief Magistracy of the United States from Alabama before the war, and he was the only man the people of Alabama kept in office as their representative in the highest deliberative body of the nation for a period of time sufficient to qualify any one properly for a higher trust. Not only Alabama but our whole Southland is too ambitious for political advancement. Our people do not permit their public servants to remain long enough in one service to fit them for higher positions. They are either pushed forward or backward to make room for some local favorite. With but one single exception the men whom Alabama has kept in office the long-

est have proved the most useful, the most faithful after trust, and have reached the most exalted places.

As stated in a former chapter, the *Hon. John Segar* was one of the earliest settlers of Crawford, and in his person that town has the honor of furnishing a successful candidate for legislative honors early in its history, he having Colonel Hardaway as his colleague. When it is remembered that Mr. Segar was a "piney woods" farmer of plain and primitive habits the honor conferred is the more to his credit. The representatives in both houses of the Legislature for Russell county from 1845 to 1847 were Robert S. Hardaway, William Barnette and Nimrod W. Long; from 1847 to 1849, James Abercrombie, Joel Wilson and Benjamin H. Baker; from 1849 to 1851, James Abercrombie, Benjamin H. Baker and James O. Reese; from 1851 to 1853, Benjamin H. Baker, O. B. Watson and Sterling Bass, Jr.; from 1853 to 1855, Benjamin H. Baker, Acquilla T. Calhoun and Hiram Nelms; from 1855 to 1857, Benjamin H. Baker, William C. Dawson and Edgar A. Garlick; from 1857 to 1859, Andrew B. Griffin, Clarke Aldridge and John S. Colbert; from 1859 to 1861, Andrew B. Griffin, Elisha Calhoun and Frank G. Jones; from 1861 to 1863, John A. Lewis, W. P. Williams and James Wilkerson; from 1863 to 1865, John A. Lewis, D. B. Mitchell and F. A. Nisbett, and from 1865 to 1867, J. W. Castens, Leroy F. McCoy and B. G. Owens.

In 1857 Lee county was formed of territory taken from Russell, Macon and Chambers counties, and J. L. Pennington, S. B. Blandon and Coke Tucker had the honor, in 1868, of being the first representatives in the Legislature from the new county. But I must return to Crawford.

The last of the pioneers of Crawford have passed "beyond the shadow" or moved to other localities except Mary E. Hopkins, widow of *Sterling G. Hopkins*, one of the first settlers of the town, and who for many years bore the title of "The Village Blacksmith." Mr. Hopkins was a South Carolinian, in which State he was raised and received a very common school education. Of his parents I have no reliable information further than that they were a good repute, his father being a worker in wood and iron. The record of Mr. Hopkins's birth gives the year 1818. He left the paternal roof early in life and went to Augusta, Ga., where he went to work in the shop with a view of improving himself in the higher grades of artisanship peculiar to his trade. Early in 1841, at the age of 23, he married Miss Mary E. Jones of Augusta, and remained in that city that year, at the close of which, having accumulated sufficient means

to justify his permanent settlement in life, and desiring more elbow room than a crowded city offered, he and his youthful bride started on their travels in search of a suitable location in the rapidly developing State of Alabama. In January, 1842, they halted in the little burg of Crawford, which had just been surveyed into town lots, and purchased a lot from Mr. Gardener Davis. There was a small cabin on the lot at that date, but the memory of the builder, with the cabin, has long since passed away. On the corner of this lot Mr. Hopkins erected his forge in one shop, his bench in another, and soon the "anvil chorus" answered the rattle and tap of the hammer, the "swash" of the handsaw, and the "threap" of the jackplane. Industry, as usual, brought its reward, and the young artisan prospered. In 1845, three years after his first settlement in Crawford, Mr. Hopkins built the present comfortable residence which is now occupied by his venerable widow and is in good state of preservation. He continued to prosper steadily and surely until the war, occupying a warm place in the hearts and a true place in the confidence of his friends. This cloud of gloom which spread over our beautiful Southland in 1861 was no respecter of persons, and many whom the war-king spared on the field of battle went down with broken hearts. In 1862 Mr. Hopkins was found dead by his friends near his home. Over the cause and the circumstances attending his death there hangs an unaccountable and impenetrable mystery which will never be lifted until the "books" are opened. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., and the most beautiful monument in the Crawford cemetery marks his resting place. Mr. Hopkins was a liberal man with his means and in his views and was recognized as being consistent in all the relations of life. He joined the Protestant Methodist Church early in the history of that denomination, worshipped at a church called Canaan, six miles from Crawford, and was a man whom the people trusted. He moved all his life in the quieter walks of life and devoted himself to honest toil, which was rapidly raising him to ease and independence.

His widow still survives, occupying the house which gave her shelter in the years of her early wifehood, in and around which the memory of the joys and sorrows of forty-two years are clustered and treasured. No children were given this couple, and her widowed life has been almost solitary. But she remembers and is remembered of Him whose promises never fail, and a light illumines the faith which leads adown the aisles of Time.

When Mr. Hopkins came to Crawford in 1842 George Elliott, the

*First Sheriff of Russell County*, was keeping a hotel on the lot afterwards supplanted by Major Henry Moffatt in the erection of the present commodious building, the last occupant of which was the late Judge Jephtha Dismukes. Mr. Jerry Segar sold goods at the stand now occupied by Mr. Henry Benton. Dr. Hunter lived at the Sears place, now occupied by Miss Irena Fuller. Bryant S. Mangham lived in what was known as the Phillips house, opposite to and a little west of the old jail. This house was destroyed by fire in 1867 while occupied by Dr. Mobley, and was the property of Mr. Benjamin Edge. Judge Thomas S. Tate occupied the place still known as the Tate place, which is near the property of Mr. John Putnam of Hachachubbee.

The first sermon Mrs. Hopkins remembers having heard in Crawford was by the *Rev. J. M. Watts*, a Missionary Baptist minister, about 1842, in the Baldwin house. The same year the *Rev. John W. Starr*, a Methodist minister and member of the Alabama Conference, preached the funeral of Mr. John Satterwhite. This service was held in the basement of the Masonic Hall. The above dates are according to Mrs. Hopkins's best recollection. They are not claimed to be exact and many differ somewhat from the recollections of others. I have found no written record of these, in the absence of which the memory of the living is the best and only available source of information.

Another of the early settlers of Lee county, whose representatives are still in the neighborhood of Crawford and Girard, was *Mr. William Moreland*, a Georgian by birth, who was born in 1817 and moved to Russell county at an early day. I have no record of his early life further than that his first settlement in the county was near Salem, where he spent his early boyhood among the rough elements of a pioneer settlement. In 1841 Mr. Moreland married Miss Mary A. Hall of Girard, and settled about that date six miles west of Columbus. Mr. Moreland's early habits adhered to him all his life and doubtless hastened his death, which resulted from a fall from his horse, near the brickyard flats, in Girard, in 1855. The last years of his life were spent about a mile east of Crawford, where, in 1854, Mr. Thomas Grizzle met a violent death at his hands in front of his gate.

Mr. Moreland's funeral was solemnized in Crawford, where he was buried, by the late *Rev. Chas L. Hays*, and the occasion is still remembered as one of the most impressive of like character ever witnessed in that place. Mrs. Moreland was left by the death of her husband with

three sons, the oldest of whom, T. H. Moreland, died in the army at Chattanooga in 1862. He went out with Waddell's Battalion and left no family. Mr. William T. Moreland, the second son, is a merchant in Crawford, on Broad street, west of the courthouse, on which lot he also resides. This lot is what was formerly known as the Sewell place. Mr. R. H. Moreland, the youngest son, resides two miles south of Girard, on what is known as the old Chatman place, where he has a plantation. He is also interested in merchandising in Girard. Mr. William Moreland is also interested in farming interests, his plantation being a part of the W. E. Barnette place. The widowed mother of these boys still survives. She lives in Girard, and deserves much credit for the foundations she has laid for her sons to build upon in the years that are to come. True moral heroism is illustrated when an almost helpless mother rises superior to crushing surroundings and lives to see her children on the road to honorable prosperity.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### *Wacoochee Valley—Its First Settler, Jonathan Benton—Indian Tastes On A Pinch, &c.*

My notes carry me back to Wacoochee Valley and I must take my patient readers with me. This history is an anomaly, as all "new departures" are; therefore my readers will follow me. I am not dictatorial, but rather like an old shepherd whose flock follow him, knowing that he will lead them to green pasturage, though it may be on a field where they have often grazed before and apparently exhausted all its resources.

A conversation had with Captain T. J. Stevens nearly a year ago comes to my mind just now, though no notes were taken at the time, which I now regret. In that conversation I remember his allusion to his father's emigration to Russell county in 1833, in which reference was made to an emigrant who had preceded him, but how long he was unable to say, as he was but a youth at that date. Captain Stevens will peruse this chapter with interest, as it treats of that wanderer in the "Indian country," Mr. Jonathan Benton, a North Carolinian by birth, in 1783, about the close of the Revolution. All readers of history know that war demoralizes everything, and nothing more so than society, especially for at least a decade following its close. Mr. Benton's early habits were formed during such a period, and exerted an influence upon him through life. Edu-



cation was at a low ebb, and as for educational facilities, a cross-roads cabin, eighteen feet square, with a "stick and dirt" chimney and a fire place for heating purposes in winter, cracks between the logs for ventilation and light in all seasons, presided over by a maimed soldier of the Revolution, who knew more about shooting British red-coats than about teaching the young shoot how to idea, and whose only philosophical instruments were his crutch and birch rod, was about the best that could be had outside of the larger towns and cities. Notwithstanding these disadvantages Mr. Benton acquired sufficient letters to enable him to qualify himself for the mechanical pursuit he followed. But unfortunately an early habit had disqualified him for almost everything, though a man of good heart and high resolves, which were never realized.

Mr. Benton emigrated to Georgia in early manhood, and in 1814, about the close of the war of 1812-14, in which he served, he married Miss Francis Griscom of Jackson county, Ga. The first eighteen years of his married life were spent in Jackson, Butts, Troup and Harris counties, Ga., locating at points suited to his business as a mechanic. According to the recollection of his son, Mr. Henry Benton of Crawford, the year 1832 found Mr. Benton in the forests contingent to Wacoochee creek among the Indians, where the late Theophilus Stevens met him in 1833. After changing his position in the forest from time to time, with the view of keeping on good terms with his wild neighbors, the Indians, living in camps the while, Mr. Benton erected the first cabin ever built by a white man in Wacoochee Valley. This cabin stood about fifty yards from the blacksmith shop now occupied by Captain C. C. Knowles, on the left of the road leading to West Point. Here Mr. Benton opened a small new ground—about twenty acres—the first opening made by a white man in that locality. He also opened a small store and traded with the Indians, who were as numerous there as anywhere in the county at that date, there being several small villages of about twenty wigwams each within a distance of two miles, the nearest of which was a little more than a quarter of a mile from his cabin. His white neighbors were Mr. Moore, two miles up the Indian trail towards West Point; Mr. Lary, two miles beyond Hallawaka creek, near the river, and Mr. Theophilus Stevens, near a pass across the river long known as Stephens's ferry. This was not far from a place called Berlin. The Indians in Mr. Benton's neighborhood were not unfriendly until ill treated, and even then rarely took vengeance in their own hands before complaining through their chiefs to the United States military officers, who on such complaint, ordered the lawless element of the whites to move. But when



these lawless intruders declined to move or heed the warning, then and not before the savages were savage enough. And too often the innocent and peaceful settler suffered alike with the guilty, turbulent intruder. Mr. Benton's children remember the officers visiting their father's home in 1833, followed by a crowd of Indians, in search of a party or parties who had done them some injury. The Indians told the officers not to disturb Mr. Benton, as he was good and kind to them and had never done them any harm. They were very friendly to Mr. Benton and his family, the secret of which was that they traded at Mr. B's store and the principal article for sale was whiskey. As long as you sell, barter or give whiskey to an Indian he is your friend. Refuse him once and he will never forget it. The following recollections were given by one of Mr. Benton's daughters, now residing in Crawford, who was but a child at the time:

"There was a family ball-ground in front of our house, and I have often seen the Indians play there for the amusement of those who were present. The town ball-ground was near the council-house and was more private, all visitors who were not specially invited being looked upon as intruders. Our family were often invited to witness this, their national game, at their council-house, but we girls never went on those occasions, though the boys seldom let an opportunity pass. On such occasions the chiefs would arrange beforehand who of them were to keep sober and who were privileged to get drunk, if they chose—and they always chose when there was whiskey enough—and by this arrangement there were always enough sober ones to take care of those who were tipsy and prevent them from hurting each other or doing mischief. Should one elected to keep sober so far forget himself as to get drunk he subjected himself to condign punishment, which, being invariably inflicted, was very seldom incurred.

"Indians are very fond of beef. Venison is their royal diet. Next to this comes beef, and their indolence often brings scarcity even in this, when there is really no other cause for it. An Indian will not work until he is forced to it by sheer hunger. Once we had a fine cow to get in the mire some distance away and was dead several days before she was found. The Indians found her, and it being a time of scarcity with them they came and asked us if we wanted her. Being answered in the negative, they went and drove the buzzards away from the carcass, carried it to their wigwams, and—ate it."

Mr. Benton remained in Wacoochee Valley until 1835. By this time the country was beginning to show signs of a rapid influx of immigration. The date, according to treaty, for the Indians to retire to their reservation in Indian territory would soon expire, and many of them had already left. But a large number were tardy and sullen, the cause of which has been explained in a previous chapter. If Mr. Benton made any effort to secure a permanent location either from the Indians, the government or speculators, there is no recollection of it among those in a position to know. And if such effort was made it is known that it failed. The place on which he settled fell legally into other hands, and his first move was in the fall of 1835, to the place now known as the Chas. Nelms place, and cultivated some Indian fields on Wacoochee creek. Mr. Nelms came in the fall of 1836, and Mr. Benton moved to a place which belonged to Jim Marshall, about three-fourths of a mile from where Marshall lived. This place was later the property of Mrs. Holcomb of Salem and is now owned by Mr. W. K. Aldridge.

About this time Mr. Benton's early habits had so steadily and surely grown upon him as to incapacitate him for anything useful to himself or family, and he eventually strayed away and died in Wedowee in or about 1849. He left one of the most energetic women of the pioneer element of the period a widow with seven children, who were entirely dependent upon her for advice, direction and encouragement from the time the oldest was 13 years of age.

## CHAPTER L

### *Mr. Henry Benton—Early Recollections of Schools in Salem—Contemporary Classmates of 1837.*

Mrs. Benton, feeling the full weight of the responsibility resting upon her, commenced the battle of life with renewed energy about 1837, her sons having reached an age which qualified them for relieving her of much of the drudgery incident to a scramble for a living in a new country, and from there the family began to realize surcease from many privations, social as well as domestic.

*Mr. Henry Benton*, the second son of the family, deserves credit for the energy, perservance and self-sacrificing faithfulness developed during this trying period.

In 1838 Mrs. Benton, with her family, moved to a place between Judge Edgar A. Garlick's and the Duncan place. The remnant of a fine old fruit orchard marks this primitive settlement. The year 1839 found them on a place about a quarter of a mile west of the Ward place. Here they rested five years—until 1844. At this date Henry was about 16 years of age, and was assisted by his brother Frank, who faithfully shared the labor and responsibility until the war with Mexico, when he joined Captain Nelson's company from Columbus, went to Mexico, and died at Perote during the war.

As Mr. Henry Benton's early boyhood was spent within a short distance of Salem in the year of its first settlement, I will, for the benefit of my readers in that locality, dot down some of his reminiscences of those days.

He recollects seeing the surveying party laying off the town in lots in the fall of 1836. Benjamin H. Baker, then a young man, carried the instruments, and Dr. Erastus Jones carried the chain. B. S. Mangham was also of the party. Dr. Jones, B. S. Mangham and Mr. John Askew opened the first private boarding houses in the town. Mr. George Heard lived where the Murphy house now stands. Mr. Alfred Pogue opened the first blacksmith shop, which stood north of the street, nearly opposite the old tanyard. The old tanyard was a later enterprise, and was in the valley west of the steam mill and ginnery. Small schools had been opened for a few months in small log cabins at various points in and around the town, but the first school house put up in the town was in 1837. It was situated about 150 yards southeast of the residence of Mr. Crowder. It was a plain frame building, about 30x45 feet in size. Professor Sheppard was the first teacher, followed, in 1838, by Professor Sanders. Mr. Benton went to school there in 1837, and remembers as his classmates Luke Davis, brother of Dr. John Davis; John Pogue and George Adair. The Davis family lived where Colonel I. N. Preston now lives. The brothers, Orrin D. and Willis Cox, lived on the Shotwell place, preceded by Jim Marshall. Joe Marshall, before he went to the Ward place, lived on the road leading from Salem to Sturter's mill, afterwards known as the Dr. Davis place. Joe Marshall's grave is pointed out on the west of the road, south of the branch or creek on this place. According to Mr. Benton's recollection one of the names by which the Indian who killed Joe Marshall was known as "Easko" or "Esko." Mr. Benton, during his boyhood, when his own crop was well worked up to the season, would utilize his spare time in taking odd jobs on the

neighborinig farms, and was employed at intervals to help them up to the season with their crops. He remembers that there was a field in his locality called the "Esko field," said to be cleared by this Indian. It was free from roots, and young Benton being at that time scarcely strong enough to guide a plow properly in a fresh new ground, his employer would say: "You go to the Esko field to plow; there are no roots there and the plowing is easy."

Returning to recollections of the school, it is remembered that Professor Sanders did not tarry in Salem long, failing to please either himself or his patrons, it is not stated which. Miss Sarah Jones, afterwards Mrs. Judge Heydenfeldt, who died at sea on her way to California; Miss Artemesia Jones; Jack Cotton; Miss Mary Davis, afterwards Mrs. Bradford Harris; Ulysses Yancy; Milton Yancy; James Askew; Ben Askew and J. L. R. Smith also were contemporary classmates about this date. It was Ulysses Yancy's father who was murdered by one of his servants, the murderer suffering the extreme penalty of the law in Crawford in 1850 or 1851. I am taking these notes in a room of the basement of the old jail, just beneath the cell which Dick, the murdered, was led out to the scaffold by Deputy Sheriff Calhoun. I remember witnessing this execution.

About 1844 or 1845 Mr. Benton bought from Daniel McDougal what is now known as the Digby place, three miles south of Mott's mill, paying \$370 for the quarter section. There was on the place a small cabin, built by one of the Duncan boys, who lived there one year previous. There were also a few acres of cleared land. I believe this was the first investment in real estate the family had made after a sojourn in the county of twelve years. After improving the place materially they sold out to advantage to Mr. William White, but Judge Harrison Tate was the real purchaser. The latter occupied the place a year or two, and was followed by Mr. Vandy Sturky and others until 1866, when it fell into the hands of Mr. Augustus Digby, the present owner, who lives in Browneville.

In 1851 the Benton family moved to the Boyd place, east of Mr. James Harris, and in 1854 to Crawford, purchasing a store and stock of goods from Mr. Jerry Segar and commencing business as dealers in general merchandise, where Mr. Henry Benton has been ever since. Of his two brothers Frank, as before stated, died in Mexico, and Jett T. was in Texas when last heard from by his sisters. Mrs. Amanda Wilkerson, wife of Mr. Ezra Wilkerson, lives in Tallapoosa; Mrs. Margaret Powers, widow of Mr. John Powers, lives in Columbus; Mrs. Sarah A. Shirley, widow of Mr.

Aaron Shirley, and Miss Emeline Benton live near their brother in Crawford.

In 1862 Mr. Benton married Miss Martha Ann Gibson of Russell county, whose parents lived a mile south of Concord church, where they worshipped and are buried. When Mr. Benton came to Crawford the town was about at its best, and he has witnessed its greatest prosperity and its decline. In 1856 and 1857 he was deputy sheriff for Mr. James Whitaker until the latter's death, and B. H. Baker's deputy the remainder of the term. John Chadwick was also deputy about this time. Mr. Benton was treasurer of Russell county one term—the first two years of the war—at the expiration of which he went into the army and served until the close of the war. When the war commenced he was on the high road to prosperity; at his close his possessions consisted of a residence and business house and lot in Crawford and \$37 in money. With this he began life anew, and it was a discouraging outlook after so many years of incessant toil. He is now considered one of the substantial men of Crawford and enjoys the entire confidence of the people of his county. There are but few men in Russell county who have been in it longer than Mr. Benton, and none who have struggled harder under adverse circumstances for a livelihood. Settling in the county with his parents among the Indians when he was a boy, fifty-two years ago, and having never lived more than fifteen miles from the big oak under which his father built his first campfire in Wacoochee Valley in 1832, Henry Benton stands today almost alone as a fair and worthy representative of the sturdy and honest stuff of which pioneers are made. Surrounded by a small but intelligent family, he lives a very quiet life, and his beautiful villa in Crawford is the sweetest place to him on earth. May no serpent ever hiss under its portals.

## CHAPTER LI.

*Crawford Continued—Hon. B. H. Baker—a Self-Made Man—His Political Career—Military—A Devoted Brother—Mr. Baker and Mr. Yancy*

There is a name and a character associated with the history of Crawford and various localities in Russell county, covering a period of over thirty years, of which the county and people may well be proud. That name is *Hon. Benjamin Hurt Baker*, a Georgian by birth and education, born in Walton county April 1, 1811. His mother was killed by a stroke

of lightning when he was an infant but a few months old, in his cradle, which she was rocking with her foot, and engaged in churning and singing a lullaby. He had three sisters, older than himself, who moved to Alabama early—Mrs. Nathan Pitts of Wacoochee valley; Mrs. Griffiths, near Cross Keys, Macon county, and Mrs. Akins of Cusseta—all of whom died years ago. A fourth sister, Mrs. Vincent, died in Georgia. There was only one brother, who also died in Georgia.

Colonel Baker was raised by his maternal grandparents, but his education was the result of his own exertions when a youth, being very studious and investing all his spare cash in useful books. Physically, he was never stout; mentally, it may be said of him that "the sword was too sharp for the scabbard."

About 1830, when only 19 years of age, Colonel Baker married Miss Martha Oliver, an orphan girl, who survived the union only six months, dying in the city of Macon, Ga. About 1833 he married Miss Eliza Grier, a daughter of Leonard Grier of Monroe county, Ga., and in 1834 or early in 1835 emigrated to Russell county, purchasing land from Mr. Bowden on Wacoochee creek. Mr. Bowden had built a mill on the present site of McCulloh's mill. Mr. Baker, associated with Nathan Pitts, purchased this property and built his first cabin near the present miller's house occupied by Mr. Liggett. This mill was in operation when the Indian troubles began in 1836 and the entire neighborhood had to scamper across the Chattahoochee.

After depositing his family with friends, Colonel Baker raised a company among his refugee neighbors, recrossed the river for the purpose of protecting their property from Indian depredations, and remained in active service until the fuss was over. On returning with his family everything was found as they left it; in fact the Indians seemed to be about as badly frightened in that part of the county as the whites were.

Having previously purchased Mr. Pitt's interest in the mill property, Colonel Baker, in 1837, sold out to Mr. Jordan and moved to Salem, where he became interested in the development of that rising little burg. Of his operations here I am not definitely informed further than has been stated in previous chapters. In 1840 Colonel Baker moved to Girard. Previous to this and while living in Salem he had served as deputy sheriff of Russell county; and about 1840 was elected sheriff and served several years.

It was in 1837 that his little son Punch, four and a half years old, was drowned in the river. The little fellow had followed some other boys, older than himself, out on some planks placed from rock to rock among the shoals, and slipped off and drowned before assistance could reach him. His body was carried down the river by the force of the current and never recovered. He was the pet of the family and had never been named, "Punch" being only a nick-name.

Colonel Baker had contemplated turning his attention to a preparation for the legal profession for some years, but it was not until he retired from the sheriffalty that he found himself prepared to devote his entire time and energies to a preparation for the bar, finishing his studies in the office of Judge Hydenfeldt. He was admitted to practice while still in Girard, where he remained until January, 1950, at which date he moved to Crawford.

Colonel Baker was a rising man from the morning of his life to its close, and he rose upon his own individuality and strength of character, having had but little encouragement and no assistance in the opening except that which was inborn. Difficulties were made to vanish before a will power which held to the close, and he soon became a factor in the politics of the county. And it should be borne in mind that he had neither great wealth nor family influence as stepping stones to position. It was simply Ben Baker.

Colonel Baker was an old-line Whig in politics, and on the issues of that party was elected to the lower house of the legislature from Russell county in 1847 and returned in 1849, immediately taking rank in his party. In 1851 Captain James Abercombie, his predecessor in the senate, was elected to congress and Colonel Baker succeeded him in the Senate, where he was continued until 1855, the close of the session of that year winding up his career as a legislator. He then devoted himself to his profession more zealously than ever and was progressing in advance of his contemporaries when the war-clouds began to gather and thicken.

As a member of the convention which voted the State of Alabama out of the Union in 1861, Colonel Baker voted for secession, but did so under protest. In an address delivered before the convention after the adoption of the ordinance of secession he placed himself on record on this movement in the following explicit language:



"I voted for the ordinance of secession, not because I favored secession *per se*, but because, under the circumstances, I regarded it necessary in order to promote the safety of the South and protect her honor. No act of mine in the past has tended to bring about the state of affairs which made it necessary to resort to secession. When, from the conduct of others, however, I saw that a dissolution of the old government was inevitable and that separate action was the policy by which it was to be accomplished, and that those who adhered to that view were largely in the majority in the Gulf States, I felt it to be my duty to rise above all mere party considerations and accept, as a last resort, the mode of redress for existing evils presented by others."

When the war opened Colonel Baker organized a company of his people, repaired to Montgomery, and was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment then forming at that point. Of this regiment J. J. Seibles was Colonel and J. B. Gordon Major. The regiment was immediately ordered to Virginia, and was on the field at the battle of Manassas but not engaged in the conflict, being on the right wing. After a year's arduous service on the line of march in the front, engaged in skirmishing at almost every turn, Colonel Baker's constitution, never strong, broke down and compelled him to resign and return home with a hope of recuperating his health, but only to die after a few months suffering. He took to his bed in the fall of 1863 and kept it until his death, June 9, 1864.

Colonel Baker was a strictly moral man all his life, offering a good example to the young men of his day. About the year 1855 he made a profession of religion under the ministry of the late Rev. Charles S. Hays, attached himself to the Methodist church in Crawford, and ever after sustained that church and the cause of religion in his ways and by his means. As a true patriot, a brave soldier, a conscientious lawyer, a faithful public servant, a kind and affectionate husband and father and a humble christian, his character was above reproach.

That portion of Crawford which Colonel Baker improved lies about a quarter of a mile south of the court house. Here he built a comfortable house. Under this roof-tree all his daughters were married except the baby, who was married at the house of the Hon. John T. Holland. This house is now owned and occupied by Mr. Wells.

The family circle consists of nine living children. It was first broken by the painful loss of little "Punch." The second break was the death



of Mrs. Mary Smith, wife of Mr. Sidney Smith, near Carthage, Texas, in 1884.

Those who survive are James M. Baker, a retired attorney, of Brownville; Mrs. Fannie M. Holland, wife of the Hon. J. T. Holland of Brownville; W. H. Baker of Chambers county; E. H. Baker of Brownville; Albert C. Baker of Phoenix, Arizona; Benjamin H. Baker, State Superintendent of Education, Austin, Texas; Mrs. Helen McElvy, wife of Judge W. A. McElvy, of Brownville, Sidney S. Baker of Carthage, Texas, and Mrs. Laura B. Holland, wife of H. H. Holland of Brownville.

To James M. Baker, the eldest of the brothers, is due the credit of the care of the widowed mother and the education of his brothers and sisters, faithfully devoting the energies of his manhood and the best years of his life to their interests at the sacrifice of his own. His father died at a period in the history of the county when it required all the native energy of this son to sustain his individual self; but when a large family of younger brothers and sisters looked up to him for advice and support the situation can only be appreciated by actual experience.

The venerable mother of this large and honorable family still survives, making her home among her children in Brownville, and is near the allotted "three score years and ten."

Four of these sons and three sons-in-law were soldiers in the Confederate army. James M. Baker was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, which disabled him for the remainder of the war. Colonel James T. Holland was wounded in the head on one of the battle fields in Tennessee. Judge W. A. McElvy was wounded in the right thigh at the battle of Sharpsburg and lost the thumb and middle finger of his right hand in the battle of the Wilderness, losing nine months by the first wound and five by the second. Recovering, he returned to his command and served to the end. As far as I am informed the others came through unhurt.

Colonel Baker was bold and fearless in debate, and when his convictions assured him that he was in the right he did not hesitate to grapple with the mightiest in the land, as his reply to the Hon. W. L. Yancy at the Salem campground, during the Buchanan campaign, which many of my readers will remember, amply illustrates. Mr. Yancy was then in the zenith of his popularity and had a strong hold upon the sympathies

of the Southern people, which his matchless eloquence wrought up to an enthusiasm that carried everything before him. Colonel Baker knew before he took the stand that the tide of public sentiment was surging in Mr. Yancy's favor, but this knowledge did not prevent him from discharging his duty, as he understood it, and he is on record as the only man in Russell county who had the moral courage to attempt to stem the mighty current. Both had the interests and honor of our Southland at heart, and the only difference between them was as to the means of reaching the same end.

## CHAPTER LII.

*Hon. Brittain D. Harris — An Old Salem Resident — Recollections of Old Salem Campground — The Shadow Of A Cloud, &c., &c.*

My notes of Salem are distributed through reminiscences of its old settlers who have either passed from the stage of action or to distant scenes. There is but one now living in Salem who was there during any year previous to 1838 and has remained there all the years until now—Dr. D. W. Floyd—and I have not as yet full notes from him, but which, when complete, I promise my readers will be replete with interest relative to the olden time and palmy days of one of the most beautiful, hospitable and thrifty towns in the county during the sixth decade.

This chapter will treat of one of Salem's earliest settlers and most influential men, the *Hon. Brittain D. Harris, Sen.*, a native of Lincoln county, Georgia, born November 22, 1794, of a wealthy and influential family, representatives of several branches of which are in other sections of Lee and other counties of the State, all of whom develop corresponding salient characteristics.

I am not informed as to the date of Mr. Harris's immigration to Alabama, only so far that he was a citizen of Tallapoosa county during the twenties, where he lost the companion of his youth on the 25th of January, 1828. She was Miss Jane W. Saunders of Georgia, whom he married on the 20th day of May, 1816. She is spoken of as having been beautiful in both person and character and a consistent christian, worshipping with the pioneer Methodists and taking great pains to entertain the ministers and contribute to their wants, among whom was the late venerable Morgan C. Turrentine, one of the earliest missionaries to the

Indians. Having given her husband five children during twelve years of wifehood, her earthly mission was finished. Only one of this family survived childhood, John G. Harris, one of Montgomery's county's largest and most successful planters, now residing in the city of Montgomery.

In 1830 Mr. Harris married Miss Sarah A. Walton of Montgomery county, a relative of the extensive and honorable family connection throughout the State of that name. About this time Mr. Harris moved to Lowndes county, where he remained until just before the Indian troubles of 1836, which date found him in Chambers county, near Oak Bowery. Among his contemporaries at that date and in that locality were the late Mark Andrews and Moses Wheat. From Chambers he came to Russell county and settled near Salem in 1838, or about that date, as I find his name on the court records as juryman in 1839. His first settlement was what was long known as the Charner Scaife place, about one mile east of the town. He also owned and once lived on what is known as the Dr. Davis place, a little over a mile south of Salem. About 1850 Mr. Harris built what has since carried the name of the "Harris House," in the southern suburbs of Salem, on a gentle elevation, in the point between the roads to Edward's mill and Prince's bridge on the Little Uchee. This house, which is still standing, was considered the finest residence in Salem at that period, and was surrounded with excellent orchards and tasty flower gardens, all substantially enclosed. Here Mr. Harris entertained with a liberal hospitality, making no discrimination between rich and poor. Though not a member of any church at this period Mr. Harris was a regular tenter for several years at the old Salem campground, three-quarters of a mile east of the town, and the older members of the Alabama conference well remember his liberality and the social pleasures and privileges enjoyed at his tent, where there was no stint in the good things of life or fault in the artistic cuisine, nor withal in the unexceptionable order. Dr. Shelton now occupies the house built by Mr. Harris.

In 1854 Mr. Harris, after having lived nearly twenty years in Salem and vicinity—a longer period than at any other one locality during his life—sold out, moved to the south of Crawford and opened a plantation one mile and a half south of town, where he died the following August in the 60th year of his age. He was buried in the Salem cemetery by the Masonic fraternity, of which he was an active member for many years.

The last family was composed of eight children, three of whom died early. Charles R. Harris, a soldier in the Confederate army, was killed

in the battle of Corinth, Miss., in 1862, on the occasion of the memorable charge on Price's battery, was buried on the field by the enemy, and his grave is unmarked and unknown. His commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel W. J. Carruthers of the Army of the West, in a letter to Mrs. Harris, pays a touching tribute to the memory of this young soldier, which is now before me and from which I extract as follows:

"He was among the slain of that bloody field, and a more gallant and noble heart was not immolated on our country's altar than was sacrificed that day in the life of Orderly Sergeant Charles G. Harris."

It was not positively known until the reception of this letter, several weeks subsequent to the bloody battle, that he was killed, hopes being entertained that he had survived the conflict and was a prisoner. His young wife, cherishing this hope, in the anxiety of her heart made a tedious and perilous trip in search of her husband or some intelligence to relieve the agony of suspense, visiting Corinth, Iuka and Vicksburg, but could hear nothing of him. The letter of his commanding officer fixed his death beyond a doubt. She is now living in Apalachicola, Florida, and is the widow of Dr. O'Connor. The children still surviving are Mrs. Francis A. Ardis, widow of Rev. John C. Ardis of Los Nietos, California; Edmund S. Harris of Granberry, Hood county, Texas; Mrs. Sarah J. Hays, first the widow of Berry W. Edward and now the wife of George A. Hays, a rising attorney of the Russell county bar, and Brittain D. Harris, at the old family homestead. While in the army—all the brothers and brothers-in-law were soldiers—"young Brit," as he is generally called, narrowly escaped being burned to death by an accidental discharge of some fixed ammunition, caused by the furious cannonade of the enemy in a hotly-contested engagement.

Mr. Harris's estate at his death comprised eighty slaves and landed possessions to correspond all of which was sold for a division among the heirs, except an undivided interest in a large landed estate in Dale and Coffee counties, which has since been disposed of. His children were all well and carefully educated in the best schools the county could afford and were liberally provided for from their father's estate, each receiving a patrimony of \$9,750 in gold. These children and grandchildren are distributed from Alabama to California, and comprise some of the best and most useful citizens of the States in which they reside.

As Mr. Harris lived but a few months after entering the social circle of Crawford, recollections of him as a resident factor in its history are

but few; but as a citizen of the county his name for many years was a household word and a synonym of honor and social worth. The best, most active and prosperous years of his life were spent in Salem and its vicinity, contributing largely to its development throughout its early growth. He was Methodistic in his religious preferences all his life, showing this preference by twice marrying into influential Methodist families, though he never united himself with the church until about five years prior to his death. Yet during his entire life he sustained morality and religion by a pronounced partiality for the best, according to his judgment, of both, never practically going back on either.

Though of different political creeds Mr. Harris and the late Loxla Edwards were warm personal friends for a period of years reaching back from the earliest settlement of the town of Salem down to the death of the former. Mr. Harris was an old-line Whig, but for a few years before his death, foreseeing the channel into which the politics of the South would eventually drift, culminating in secession, he voted the Democratic ticket. Mr. Theophilus White was also of this social band, though a Democrat.

Mr. Harris was a strong man in all the departments of life in which he moved, and was felt to be such. Abrupt in manners, an undercurrent of genuine kindness was always visible, which gave passport to the confidence and good will of all, and may be classified as a diamond in the rough, with many salient and unpolished angles, which cut their way regardless of established public opinion or customs which his judgment did not approve.

Mr. Harris was one of Russell county's earliest representatives in the general assembly, when Tuscaloosa was the State capital, representing the doctrines of the old-line Whig party, and took an active part in the politics of his country all the way down. I remember meeting him in 1850, about the time the most alarming encroachments upon the rights and privileges of the South were being inaugurated by the Northern element in our national council, and though the catastrophe did not culminate until more than ten years afterwards, I shall never forget the characteristic manner in which he gave expression to his apprehension as to the final result. Though thirty-five years have elapsed since that day, and though the panorama of blood, fire and death has been passed twenty years and now creates sensations in the memories of thousands of the survivors similar to those of a hideous, never-to-be-forgotten nightmare, I

have often recalled the occasion and his prophetic words. The scene was the old Salem campground. He was sitting leaning back against a post which supported the awning in front of his tent on a Saturday morning, surrounded by many friends, all of whom were solemnly impressed with his forebodings of the evil which shadowed the future of our then wonderfully prosperous country, but which comparatively few at that date could perceive, recognize or appreciate. These chapters may come under the eyes of some who were present on that occasion, and they may remember the facts as here referred to and recall many other incidents of this period.

The venerable widow of this sturdy and solid old pioneer of Russell county still survives, residing on her dower near Crawford, where her husband left her. She has passed the allotted three score years and ten and is not in her usual robust health; but in her affliction she cherishes a cheerful spirit sustained by the religion of the Bible, which has been the religion of her life, claiming it as the best dower in the evening of life—one promising a full fruition in the life beyond. "Aunt Sally Ann," as she is familiarly called, cherishes recollections of Salem as associated with the happiest years of her long life, for it was there that her children were educated and grew to manhood and womanhood and passed out from the shelter of home to take upon themselves the responsibility of individual life.

### CHAPTER LIII.

*Mr. John C. Baldwin — Old Monroe — A Universalist Family — R. P.*

*Baldwin — Tuckabachee Lodge.*

Among the counties of Georgia contributing to the pioneer element of East Alabama "old Monroe" furnished its full quota, and they all proved to be useful citizens. Of this class was *John C. Baldwin*, born in 1804 in Jones county, Georgia, where he was educated after the "old field school" programme and reached his manhood. In 1825, at the age of 21 years, he married Miss Mildred Winfrey of Columbia county, Georgia, and settled down as a young farmer five miles east of the town of Forsyth, being favored with a fair start and encouraging prospects in the morning of life, which were availed to a moderate extent. In 1835 he changed his location to within five miles south of Forsyth, on the Russellville road, near Dixon's cross roads, with Fitzpatrick's mill on the south and Coch-

ran's mill on the north. Mr. Baldwin's neighbors here were Messrs. Archibald Davis, Edge, Brooks, Comer and West. A few miles to the southeast were Messrs. Hollis, Dusenberry, McGinty, Cherry, Chaney, Byers and others. This neighborhood at that date was known as the wealthiest district in Monroe county, and before the introduction of railroads transported thousands of bales of cotton to the then embryo city of Macon, contributing more patronage to the square mile to the trade of that city than any other district in the State.

While living here, after giving her husband only three children, Mrs. Baldwin passed away and was buried at the family homestead. Her memory is still cherished by her surviving children as a kind mother, ever ready to sympathize with them in their childish joys and sorrows. In 1837 Mr. Baldwin married Miss Eliza Joiner, and in 1839 emigrated from Monroe county to Russell county, Alabama, and settled ten miles west of Columbus on the place now known as the Lamb dower place, west of Hospaliga creek, purchasing land from Mr. Hiram Brooks. The land was not a "stick amiss," and Mr. Baldwin built the first cabins and opened the first new ground. The houses were of nicely-hewn logs, notched up with backwoods skill, and are still standing in good preservation. The bricks for the chimneys were made on the McCutchin place, near Mt. Zion, and when they were being hauled by Mr. Baldwin his neighbors hinted broadly that they were not worth the trouble of hauling. These chimneys have been standing forty-five years without repairs and are still in good condition. Since the death of Mr. Jacob Lamb this place has been the dower of his widow, Mrs. Julia Lamb, now living near Vilula. In 1847, Mr. Baldwin sold this place to Mr. Joiner and moved to the north side of Little Uchee creek, a mile above Moffat's mills, purchasing land from Milo B. Parker. Here he remained but two years, selling out in 1849 to Henry Benton and moving to the west side of the Stroud-White creek, about a half mile east of Mr. Alred's residence. This proved to be his last move, and in 1851 his career closed. His remains lie buried at Concord church.

This place is now owned by a thrifty freedman. Mr. Baldwin's brother, Anderson Baldwin, who lived just across the creek, where General M. Greer now lives, met with a violent death in Crawford only a few days before Mr. John C. Baldwin's demise, of which fact the latter, owing to his reduced condition, was kept in ignorance until a few hours before he breathed his last.



One salient peculiarity of this family deserves notice. They claimed to hold to the doctrine of unconditional universal salvation, and Mr. Baldwin was a pronounced believer in that doctrine. Of his dying testimony I have the following account from reliable authority:

When it was evident that he was dying and there was no hope of his recovery, at the instance of friends the Rev. Charles Brown, M.D., who was his attending physician and a faithful local minister of the Methodist church whose memory is still cherished by the people of that portion of Lee county, approached him on the subject of his future prospects. His reply was:

"All is well."

"What do you think of your Universalist doctrine now?"

"I have often heard it said that the doctrine of universal salvation will do to live by but will not do to die by. You tell me I am dying, and I believe I am; and I have to say that it will do to live by and it will do to die by."

And thus he died.

Those who know the writer may think it strange that I make this record. In answer to such reflections I have only to say that I am writing simple facts in history and not my own opinions. Professors of the doctrine and faith alluded to claim to be orthodox, and I am under moral obligations to respect their claim, while none are under any kind of obligations to adopt their doctrine, or any other, unless they practically illustrate it in the ordinary walks of life. It is a truism, applied to politics as well as religion, that the obligation to live up to our faith is as binding as the obligation is to have a faith at all.

The funeral service of the Messrs. Baldwin was conducted by the late Rev. C. F. R. Shehane, a minister of the Universalist faith and at one time editor of the *Universalist Herald*, published at Notasulga. The services were held at Mt. Gilead Primitive Baptist church and were attended by a great many people, and I have met many persons, still living, who remember being present on the occasion. The same impartiality observed in the record of the above facts will guide me throughout this history. *Robert P. Baldwin* is the eldest of this family of children, and now resides in the oldest house in Crawford used as a residence. What has been



previously referred to as the "Baldwin house," standing on the same lot, is the only one of any kind known to be of earlier origin. They were both built by Mr. Jerry Segar and used by him at different times as residences. The exact date of the erection of the older house is not definite, but it is known to be close upon the war of 1836, either a few months before or after, Mr. Segar and Mr. Green Sewell being the first two settlers of the town. Mr. Segar's store was on the adjoining lot, where Mr. Baldwin's cattle-yard now is. Mr. Sewell lived on the next lot west, opposite the public well, and opened the first mechanic's shop in the town, on the north side of the street, opposite his residence. He sold out to his brother, Mr. Wash Sewell, who died there, a soldier, during the late war, and his family went west several years ago. Mr. Green Sewell left Crawford before the war and is lost sight of. These primitive houses have long since disappeared, the shop, the last to pass away, having been consumed by fire after the close of the war.

Mr. Leonard C. Baldwin, the second son, gave his life to the "Lost Cause," dying in camp in Tennessee. His family represent him in Georgia.

Mr. Wm. H. Baldwin, the youngest child by the first marriage, a self-sacrificing young soldier, fell into the hands of the enemy and died a prisoner. His grave and that of his brother Leonard is unknown and unmarked.

Of the children of the second marriage, Mr. Absalom Baldwin, a young soldier, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, leaving no family, and Mrs. Mary V. McMillen died in Monroe county, Georgia, about 1853. Those living are Mr. John C. Baldwin of Monroe county, Georgia, and Mr. Samuel R. Baldwin, a merchant in Geneva, Alabama.

A Lodge of the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons was organized in Crawford in the year 1848, the hall being built the same year and the first Masonic work done in December. The Lodge worked under a dispensation from that date until December 7, 1849, when a charter was granted for *Tuckabachee Lodge* to the following members: Baldwin H. Spyker, Thomas S. Tate, William E. Barnette, Stephen D. Reid, John A. Greene, Robert H. Brown, Simeon O'Neal and Thomas M. Kemper.

The first and only Master under the dispensation was Solomon Heydenfeldt. The first Master under the chapter was B. H. Spyker, in 1849,

followed by John A. Greene, 1850-51; A. Z. Higgins, 1852-53; Allen Eiland, 1854; Wilson Williams, 1855; Will E. Barnet, 1856; Wilson Williams, 1857 to 1866; William G. Mobley, 1867; Lyman W. Martin, 1868; James M. Baker, 1869 to 1871; Wm. S. Satterwhite, 1872; John R. Flournoy, 1873 to 1875; James M. Fuller, 1876-77; David D. Kent, 1878 to 1880; William P. Duncan, 1881 to 1883, and James M. Flournoy, the present incumbent, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the above, taken from the record of minutes.

Tuckabatchee Lodge has been in working order ever since its organization in 1838, thirty-six years ago, and during these years has been presided over by fifteen Worshipful Masters, ten of whom and all the charter members are supposed to be dead. This Lodge can lay claim to a high grade of Masonic integrity, as it has never forfeited its charter since it was granted, and is the only Lodge of the Order in the county that can claim this honor. The late Judge Wilson Williams was its Worshipful Master for nine consecutive years.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

*Judge Stephen Eiland — The Cash System — Capt. A. B. Eiland — The Universalist — A Homespun Judge — A Boss Liar — A Test Of Judicial Impartiality — A Family Relic — Mr. Turner Morton — Uchee Post Office — Scientific Farming — Crawford — Uchee — Ingram — Allen.*

During the early history of Crawford there was a family well known in Russell county, both in social and political circles, which at one time was large, but at present is nearly extinct, having only one representative to perpetuate the name. The founder of this family was *Judge Stephen Eiland*, a native of Hancock county, Georgia, born in 1788. His education, like that of most of the thrifty pioneer farmers of the country, was "common." In 1810, at the age of 22, he married Miss Mary Ellen, daughter of Mr. West Ellen, a gunsmith of Edgefield district, South Carolina, and a foreigner by birth. In starting out in life Judge Eiland's father was able to give him two servants, a settlement of land in his native county, and a horse and supplies for one year. But it appears that his ambition led him to "spread out" from his native associations, and two years after he sold out and moved to Jones county, settling near Clinton, where he remained until 1830. It appears that Judge Eiland's attention was at-

tracted at this date towards the fertile lands of Russell county, and he started from Jones county with a view of crossing the Chattahoochee. But the Indians still possessed the land, and he concluded to stop in Harris county, purchasing a place twelve miles northeast of Columbus. The purchase of this place was with the design of remaining only a few years—until the Indian country became more available for safe emigration. But it appears that he became attached to the locality and remained there longer than at any other place during his manhood. At length, after “sitting still” nineteen years, in 1849, when 61 years of age, he sold out again and this time carried out his long-cherished design, settling in Russell county, Alabama, purchasing land in what is known as the Hog Island neighborhood, near Cottonton Landing, on the Chattahoochee river. He survived this last move only four years, dying in 1853, his remains being buried at the old Soule Chapel burying ground. Mr. Thomas Bradley now owns the homestead. Mrs. Eiland survived her husband twelve years, dying in 1865, and being buried by his side. A marble slab marks their resting place.

Judge Eiland improved the small patrimony received from his father in the morning of life to the extent that at his death his estate was valued at \$30,000.

Judge Eiland was another typical man. It is said of him that seventeen years before his death he adopted the cash system in all his dealings, both in buying and selling, and these years covered the most prosperous period of his life, during which he enjoyed a mental repose known only to those who are conscious of the fact that they “owe no man.” His estate was easy to close, there being no encumbrances and no doubtful debts to collect.

There were seven children of this family, and the parents lived to see their baby married and settled in life. Six of these children are dead—Mrs. N. M. Lewis, wife of Lieut. Thomas J. Lewis, son of Ulysses Lewis and brother of the Hon. John A. Lewis, who gave up his life on the battle field of Gettysburg in 1863; Mrs. Miriam Dean, wife of Mr. David Dean, died in Muscogee county, Georgia, in 1847; Mrs. Abby Hitchcock, wife of Mr. John J. Hitchcock, who met with a violent death in Enon, Alabama, about 1844, afterwards the wife of Mr. Henry King, who died in 1853, and later the wife of Mr. James Cash, died near Enon and was buried by the side of her first husband; Mr. Eiland Eiland died in 1848 in Jackson Parish, Louisiana; Judge Allen Eiland, a lawyer of consider-

able promise, resided in Crawford from 1850 to 1855 and in Tuskegee in 1856, taking an active part in the politics of the day, and in 1857 went to Shreveport, Louisiana, where he died in 1859, and Mrs. Elizabeth Q. Clarke, wife of Marion L. Clarke, died in Glenville in 1860.

The family connexion is large and occupy respectable positions in society. The only representative in Lee county is Captain Absalom B. Eiland, whose family reside near Crawford. He has a son, Mr. Wayne Eiland, living near Wacoochee.

Judge Eiland claimed to be a Universalist and died in that faith, and it is related that when dying, on being consulted as to future prospects, replied that his way was clear. According to his request the following inscription was placed on his tombstone:

"Or ever the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."—Eccl. 12:6-7.

Mrs. Eiland lived in communion with the Missionary Baptist church many years, though it is claimed for her that she never subscribed fully to the doctrine of eternal punishment, and died in that faith.

Judge Eiland served several years as a justice of the peace, also as judge of the Inferior court of Jones county, Georgia, and acquired the title of "*The Homespun Judge*" from his custom of wearing a homespun suit, woven by his wife, while exercising the functions of those offices, and the title adhered to him through life.

To illustrate Judge Eiland's character the following anecdote is related:

On a public occasion his neighbors were indulging in a desultory chat concerning men and things, present and absent. Two of the company were engaged in conversation, one of whom had acquired the unenviable reputation of being the "boss liar" of the county. The latter was indulging in his peculiar accomplishment when the other cut him off short by saying:

"Why, it is as impossible for you to tell the truth as it is for Stephen Eiland to tell a lie."

Another anecdote is to the following effect:

While acting as justice of the peace a gentleman in his beat had a claim against a lady. This lady was Judge Eiland's sister. The creditor sued her by placing the claim in Judge Eiland's hands for due process of law, whereupon the justice said:

"You know that this claim is against my sister. Would it suit you as well to place the matter in the hands of my associate and save me the pain of suing my own sister?"

"No, judge," replied the creditor, "I want justice done me, and I know you will give me justice, sister or no sister."

The claim was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

There is preserved in Captain Eiland's family a kaolin jug of about two gallons capacity which was purchased by his mother sixty-three years ago; and however much or little of whiskey other jugs may have had in them, this particular jug has never had a drop of "the ardent" in it, and it will be the pride of her descendants to hand it down through succeeding generations as a jug which has never made a "jar" in the family.

With the exception of the venerable Mrs. Hopkins, there is not a resident of Crawford at this time who dates his or her settlement in the town prior to the year 1850, all having died or moved to other localities, and as far as I am informed there is only one man still living there who came that year, *Mr. Turner Morton*, a native of Morgan county, North Carolina, born January 25, 1812, and claiming humble and honorable parentage of the old-time primitive Methodist stock, of which he is justly proud. In 1848 he married Miss Charlotte K. Ingram of Anson county, North Carolina, started immediately to Tennessee, and commenced life as a wagonmaker, which occupation, in connection with a small farm, he has followed all his life. He remained in Tennessee until 1837, at which date he emigrated to Russell county, Alabama, and settled on land purchased of Mr. Elias Reid, east of the old John B. Tate place, and about three miles east of Uchee postoffice. At this date Uchee postoffice was located about a quarter of a mile west of Uchee chapel, and was moved to its present position in 1843. John B. Tate was postmaster in the early years of the settlement of the country. This neighborhood was noted for

its wealth and intelligence, and its trade with Columbus, Georgia, was an important factor in the rapid growth of that city. Among these opulent farmers were Captain John McTyeire, Henry and David Love, Thomas D. and Elias Reid, Colonel Nimrod Long, General Thomas, Newman Reynolds, William Threadgill, Henry and the Rev. Alexander Kindred, Lemuel Ingram, James Comer and Alfred Williams, all of whom are now dead, except probably Mr. Williams, who may be still living in Tuskegee. These pioneers of one of the most fertile sections of Russell county felled the heavy, luxuriant primeval forests of Big Uchee, erecting their log cabins on the ridges between the estuaries, supplanting the wigwams of the red man, and as they prospered these log cabins gave way to neat rural cottages, more or less pretentious in architectural style. And these are yielding to the ravages of time, also the long rows of servants' cabins, and are being followed by "tenant houses," scattered at intervals of a quarter of a mile over the old homestead, near which, in a little poorly-kept enclosure, may be found a lichen-covered slab

Beneath which rest,  
With hands across the breast,  
The earth, earthy, of these sturdy  
farmers of the olden time, who prospered  
and never knew guano,  
while their descendants, with  
tons on tons, are growing  
poorer every year.

And just here I am reminded of an anecdote of the period when science was first applied to agriculture.

A Scottish "lord of the manor" who had been reading the wonderful results of scientific farming, as reported by an amateur Farmers' Club in Edinboro, paid his man of business a visit with a view of imparting to him the important results. His lordship found the honest old Scotch farmer superintending the ingathering of a plentiful crop, the result of high fertilizing with material carefully collected on the premises and prepared for use in the laboratory of nature by nature's formula.

"Well, Donald," said his lordship, "I learn that it has been proved by actual experiment that you can carry out in your vest pocket sufficient manure to fertilize an acre of ground. What do you think of that?"

Donald took off his hat, scratched his head and indulged in a Scotch grin, but said nothing.

"Why, Donald," said the lord, "you don't seem to believe it."

"Oh, yes," replied Donald, "I believe all that your lordship is pleased to say: but I was thinkin' that when ye take out th emanure for an acre in your vest pocket ye will bring home the crop off that acre in your great coat pocket."

And more recent experiments on a large scale have proved this to be "about the amount of it."

The reader will excuse this digression, suggested by facts too painful to dwell upon, but which will intrude themselves until the last vestiges of the old-fashioned spider-legged gin house and the long-levered wooden screw of the daddies have disappeared.

Mr. Morton remained in the neighborhood of his first settlement until 1847. It was here, in 1843, that he was bereft of his first wife, who was buried at the old Ingram family graveyard, on the old Federal road, two miles below Uchee postoffice. She left four children, all of whom are dead except Miss Julia L. Morton and Mr. Madison H. Morton of Lee county. The same year he married Miss Sophia Ingram, a relative of his first wife.

About 1847 the "piney woods" north and east of Ingram's mill began to attract the attention of small farmers, and it was here that Mr. Morton purchased land in the woods and began life anew, trading with Robert Chadwick. This place is north of Big Uchee, east of Watoola, and two miles from Ingram's mill. Here he remained three years, and then sold to Mr. Thomas Kent. Mr. William Jackson now owns the place.

In 1850 Mr. M. moved to Crawford and lived that year on the west side of the street leading north from the courthouse, about one hundred and fifty yards from the hotel and nearly opposite the Sears house. This place was the property of T. W. Joiner and was destroyed by fire about 1854 or 1855. It caught from the adjoining woods being on fire. The spring term of the Russell circuit court was in session at the time and many visitors were in town, all of whom turned out. It was one of the primitive houses and unoccupied at the time.



In 1851 Mr. Morton purchased a lot from Mr. Hopkins, opposite where he now lives, put some improvements on it, and remained there until 1854, when his present home was built. Here he has lived for thirty years, following the occupation of wagonmaker, carrying on a small farm in the country, and moving in the humbler walks of life, though living in town, enjoys and unobtrusive and rural quiet.

In 1883 Mr. Morton was again left solitary by the death of his second wife. She left only one son, Mr. William T. Morton of Crawford. She is buried in the Crawford Cemetery.

Mr. Morton has been a worshipper in the Methodist church for fifty-three years, during most of which time and all of his Crawford life he has sustained an official relation. He notes many changes in Methodism during these years, recalling the days when christians of all denominations worshipped in the primitive style, when there was but little formality and a great deal of Methodism.

When Wilson's raiders passed thro' Crawford straggling parties paid him a visit and gave him ample cause to remember them, but not with intense affection. The Yankees appropriated his corn, fodder and provisions, returning pay in the way of threats if he resisted. They wanted beef, and finding none, inquired where his cattle were, and were informed that they were in the swamp. His cattle, up to that date, had been as regular as clockwork in coming up at night, but on the night before the raiders struck Crawford they were all missing and failed to put in an appearance until the Yankees left, when they resumed their regular habits, coming up on time as before. It appears that even the dumb beasts snuffed the Yankees from afar and prudently kept out of their way.

I have no record of the origin and development of the school interests in Crawford among my notes further than that Dr. Morris was one of the early teachers.

Before closing this chapter I will add from my notes a few more items of interest touching the Uchee postoffice neighborhood of an early date.

Mr. Moody Ingram, Mr. Monton's father-in-law, was an early settler of Russell county, stopping in the Kindred settlement about 1836, afterwards settling a place on the old Federal road east, in what is now known as the Tillman or Haddock neighborhood, near where Walker's steam mill once stood. Mr. Ingram died during the war. Mr. Lemuel Ingram lived near Mr. Henry Kindred's place. His son, Mr. William Ingram, married Mr. Kindred's daughter, and went to California during the "gold fever" in 1848. He was one of the successful adventurers of that remarkable period, returning to his family with a "pile of dust." The old

members of the family are all dead. Mr. Richard Allen married Mr. Lemuel Ingram's daughter. Mr. Ingram's wife died and he afterwards married Mr. Allen's sister. What kin are they?

## CHAPTER LV.

*Postoffice and Postmaster—Mr. Uriah Jones—Mr. Thomas Kent—On the Big Uchee—Mr. David D. Kent—Losses by Fire—Pluck—The Rutledge Family—Mr. John F. Rutledge—Battle Ground.*

I have not been able to learn the date or location of the post office in Crawford, but it was about 1836; neither have I been informed as to who was the first postmaster and I am dependent upon the memory of the older citizens which points to Mr. Jerry Segar as among the earliest if not the first, and Crawford, or "Crockettsville" was one of the first post-offices. The present incumbent is *Mr. Uriah Jones*, a maimed Confederate soldier and a native of Harris county, Ga. His father was a resident of Russell county, where Mr. John Bishop now lives, from 1858 to 1866, when he moved to Blount county where he still resides. Mr. Jones was a farmer before the war, having married Miss Martha J. Noble, of Russell county, in 1859. During the battle around Atlanta, July 1864, he lost his right leg, which disabled him for the balance of the war and made him a cripple for life. Being a farmer and unable to follow an active occupation, he was compelled to seek other pursuits for the maintenance of his family and about the close of the war, opened a shoe shop in Crawford, and made shoes for the yeomen and lasses of that day, for twelve years. These boys and girls are the men and matrons of to-day in Crawford. Mr. Jones prospered at his cobbler's bench, and in due time was able to live in his own house. In 1876, he took the contract for delivering the mail from Columbus to Crawford and Marvyn, and gave such satisfaction both at home and at the Department, that in 1880, he was appointed postmaster at Crawford, and if his incumbency is in accordance to the wish of his people, his tenure of office will be for life. He resides in the house built by himself, on Broad street, East, next to the old jail. Mr. Jones is also a merchant and the postoffice is kept in his business house, on the lot improved by Mr. Pleywood, who built a residence there, which has disappeared. It may be added that Mr. Jones' store is the only business house in Crawford where whiskey is not sold.

The northwest corner of the court house square is occupied by Mr. J. W. Jordan, a merchant and son of Mr. J. W. Jordan, Sr., residing three miles West of Crawford. This business house was originally the office of Mr. B. N. Nelson, a lawyer, and was moved to its present location from the Southwest corner of the square, by Mr. Terry, who is now a

merchant in Columbus. Mr. Jordan is a young man with a family and resides on Main street, West of the Hotel. This house was built by Mr. Kemp, about 1849, and who died there about 1852, of consumption. This house was occupied some years by L. F. McCoy, Esq. now of Americus, Ga., followed by Dr. Foreman, now a few miles West of Auburn. Mr. Terry followed Dr. Foreman, who gave way for the present occupant. Messrs. Barnette and Speaker, lawyers, built an office between Mr. Benton's store and the South corner, which was of the earliest in the place. This office is now opposite Mr. Benton's store, across Main street, and has been vacant seven years. These two gentlemen have been dead many years. Dr. Grigg and Dr. Puttnam practiced medicine at various times in Crawford, their office being on the corner South of Mr. Benton's. This office has been vacant for many years.

Among the earlier settlers on the Big Uchee, nearest Crawford was *Mr. Thomas Kemp*, another contribution from the Old North State, to Russell county, born Dec. 25th, 1799, reaching maturity in his native State and where he married Miss Susan Gilbert, in 1819, when only twenty years of age. Five years after, in 1824, he emigrated to Monroe county, Ga., and settled near Forsyth, where he remained until 1831, which found him in Muscogee county. After eleven years in Muscogee, he crossed over into Alabama and settled on the Big Uchee, in Russell county, where he built his primitive cabin, in 1842, six miles South from Crawford, purchasing land from Mr. Cunnagan (I think). This was considered a fine farming locality in these days and Mr. Kemp prospered. He remained here seventeen years, a longer period than any other place during his life. In 1859, he sold out to Mr. Alfred Williamson and moved to near Crawford. Mr. Williamson was killed in the battles around Atlanta during the last war. Mr. James Padgett now owns the old homestead, portions of the estate being owned by other parties.

Mr. Kemp purchased land near Crawford from Mr. Able Edge, one mile South of the town. This place was first settled by Mr. John Collins in 1881, and is now the property of Monroe Fuller, Esq. It was here Mr. Kent died, June 6th 1883, when most of his children were scattered over the South on the battle fields, or on the tedious line of march, some of them never returned.

Mr. Kent was a private soldier in the Indian trouble of 1836, stationed at Columbus, but was in no battle. Of his children, there were then in number, eight of whom reached maturity, and settled in life, but are all now dead except three. Mr. Levi Kent died in Russell county, in 1850 and his widow is now living in Tennessee; Mrs. Mary Raiford died in Marion county, say in 1864; Mr. Isaac A. Kemp, a private in the 13th Mississippi Regiment, died in camps at Corinth, Mississippi, his widow is now Mrs. King, of Texas, and Mr. Jno. M. Kemp, a private, in the 4th Mississippi Regiment, died in camps at Sewel's Point, Va., in 1862, unmarried.

Those living are Mr. Thomas J. Kent of Elmore county, Ala., Mrs. Elizabeth A. Simms, wife of J. W. Simms, of Mississippi and *Mr. David D. Kent* of Crawford, the only representative of his father in Russell county.

The founder of this family in Russell county joined the Methodist church at the age of twenty-four and was an official member of his church for forty years of his life. He was one of the Wesley Chapel members in the early history of that church. It appears that he became attached to the Methodist Protestant church at one time and worshiped at Canaan, until that church dissolved, when he returned to the church of his early years and died a worshiper with the congregation at Crawford. The population of the country in that locality was sparse in those days and representative minds both in morals and religion, were few. Mr. Kent was recognized as a representative man in the better circles of society, eschewing politics, preferring the ease and comfort found in the peaceful walks of private life. And when he died his loss was keenly felt. His posterity is large and some of the best social element of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas are his descendents, numbering in children, grand-children, great-grand-children and down to the fifth generation, one hundred and thirty-five souls.

As before stated, Mr. David D. Kent is the only one of the original stock now living in Russell county, a thrifty farmer, whose plantation lies a short distance Southwest of Crawford, where he resides, and whose energy and active business habits are rewarding him with an easy competency, and it lies before him to become a very useful and prosperous citizen.

As an illustration of the stuff of which he is made, I will state the following:

In the winter of 1882, Mr. Kent's steam ginnery and screw, with 25 bales of cotton and 1500 bushels of cotton seed were destroyed by fire, with no insurance, involving a loss of several thousand dollars, and to which indications pointed as the work of an incendiary. Instead of sitting down and wringing his hands in imbecile despair, on losing the labor and toil of the best years of his manhood reduced to ashes in a few hours, he went to work afresh with the renewed energy of youth and before the crop of 1883 came in he was ready, with a new ginhouse and screw, which he had caused to spring up almost like magic from the ashes of the old. When it is farther stated that thirteen bales of the cotton destroyed belonged to his neighbors who lived around him and that when he resumed business they continued their patronage, the confidence and esteem in which he is held is further illustrated.

The Rutledge name and family are of the South, Southern, and wherever the name is represented, it is recognized as the synonym of a high type of morals and social excellence. In the early history of the American colonies, the name is not unfamiliar; in the days of the Revolution it was found in the ranks and file of the patriotic army and later, in the first ranks of South Carolina patriots. William O. Rutledge, a cousin of ex-Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, came to Georgia early, and raised a large family, having been married four times, dying in Harris county, Georgia, in 1860, leaving a widow who still survives him. Of his children, four came to Alabama and lived longer or shorter periods in the territory now embraced by Lee and Russell counties. Mrs. John B. Bilbro, of Tuskegee, and Mrs. George Pearce, of Uchee, and his daughters by the first marriage and the late Rev. Thos. J. Rutledge of Opelika, editor of the *Alabama Christian Advocate*, at the time of his death was his son by the third marriage.

*John F. Rutledge* is of the second marriage and was born in Cherokee county, Ga., but the scenes of boyhood and early manhood are in Harris county, where he received his education, and in 1849, married Miss Annie McKemie, of Perry county, a cousin of Prof. J. W. McKemie, of West Point, many years an educator in the high school of Opelika.

Mr. Rutledge first emigration to Alabama, was about the beginning of the sixth decade, in Monroe county, where he remained only a few years. In 1856, he retraced his steps to within twelve miles of the Georgia line, two miles North of Crawford and a half mile South of Bishop's bride, on the little Uchee, in then Russell, now only a half mile from the line, in Lee county, purchasing land from Messrs. Swift and Miller Towls, both of whom went to Mississippi that year. The bottoms of the Little Uchee present some very fine land and the country South, towards Crawford is a heavily timbered and well watered pine district, peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of cotton, the full value of which was not realized until the more productive lands on the creeks were all taken up. These lands are now considered the most reliable of any grade of cotton lands in the State.

Mr. Rutledge is a neat farmer and has improved his place until it presents a restful attraction to the passerby, as a sunny home of peace and plenty, with no display except in the development of conscience. In 1872, Mr. Rutledge moved to Auburn for the benefit of educational facilities. In 1875, he returned to the place and devoted his active attention to agriculture. The Rutledges all occupy a prominent position in the church both lay and clerical, and I never knew one of the name and connexion in Alabama being any but a Methodist, when anything. Mr. Rutledge and family worship with the church at Crawford, and I am informed that they know the full import of church obligations in public as well as

in private life. Mr. Rutledge has only four children, all of whom live near him: Mr. P. R. Rutledge, of Russell county, eight miles from Crawford; Mr. John F. Rutledge, Jr., of Lee county, on the Uchee, North side; Mr. William T. Rutledge, of Crawford, and Miss Mollie E. Rutledge, still under the parental roof-tree. All of these are of the stuff of which good and useful citizens are made.

I learned from Mr. Rutledge that about a half mile East of his house and the same distance below Bishop's bridge, on the South side of the creek, there is a spot which corresponds with the tradition that the United States army had a skirmish in this section during the war of 1812-14. I learned from other sources that when the land was cleared sixty years ago, there was an Indian town here and as late as 1836, there were many Indian houses still standing. When Mr. Rutledge came to the place nearly thirty years ago, it was a common occurrence to plough up balls in large quantities, which continued for several years. All the facts point to the tradition that a detachment of Gen'l Jackson's army had a fight with the Indians at this point, on its route to New Orleans, in 1814. I have other notes, yet to be drawn from, which may throw more light upon this subject.

## CHAPTER LVI.

*Mr. Vincent P. Roquemore—Mr. Bradshaw Fuller—A Large Family Connection—Mr. Stephen Satterwhite—Tragic Death of a Son—Mr. William S. Satterwhite—Traditions Confirmed.*

At one time, the Roquemore family was numerous on the Uchee in old Russell, but as the generation grew up many emigrated to the States farther West, and the name is not so extensively represented in the country at this date as thirty years ago. Among the first pioneers was *Mr. Vincent P. Roquemore*, a Georgian, born in Jones county, Dec. 1805. He was raised and educated between the plough-handles and consequently, knew but little of letters and that little embracing the crude elements of the primary department. About 1828 he married Miss Jane Horn, of his native county and State, and in 1835, he came to Russell county and commenced life as an overseer, which was an honorable and lucrative occupation, which he followed for several years, in the employ of Mr. Fishburn, Col. Canty and Maj. Troup Hurt. During the war, when the Indians became hostile in 1836, he had to scamper with his family and his employers negroes across the river. In 1858, Mr. Roquemore purchased land from Mr. Bussey, joining the Thos. F. Noland's place, on the Big Uchee, and settled down for the remainder of his life, which was quiet and uniform, all the way through, living, with his wife,



more than half of their years of maturity in full fellowship and communion with the Primitive Baptist church, worshiping at Union. The companion of his youth died in 1871 and is buried where she worshiped, giving her husband nine children, only four of whom survive: Mrs. Frances Ingram, wife of Mr. Thomas Ingram, of Arkansas; Mrs. Eugenia Wellborn, wife of Mr. Marshall Wellborn, of Arkansas; Mr. Peter W. Roquemore, of Russell county, and Mrs. Mary B. O'Bryan, wife of Mr. Charles O'Bryan, of Opelika. Two sons gave their lives to the lost cause: Jasper died at Camp Chase, Ohio—a prisoner of war—in 1862 and Franklin died in hospital, in Nashville, 1863. In 1874, Mr. Roquemore married the second time, and died in 1878. He is buried by the side of his first wife. His widow is now the wife of Mr. Phillip House, of Lee county. Mr. Roquemore, commenced life at the bottom round of the ladder and quietly worked his way, by honest toil, to an easy competence.

A large majority—in fact, nearly all of the pioneers of Lee and Russell, who have passed in review before the many readers of this history, came in the vigor of early manhood and grappled with the elements of inanimate nature in the morning of their lives and in the dawn of the country's civilization. And in most of these instances, their posterity, who was born and reared in this county have emigrated to other States, in many instances leaving but few representatives in their native county and State. It is different with those who came later in life and in a more advanced period of the country's development. Of this latter class was *Mr. Bradshaw Fuller*, another contribution from North Carolina, born about 1790. He was twenty-two years old when the war of 1812 opened in which he served, being stationed at Norfolk, Va. At the close of the war, he returned to his native soil and 1816, married Miss Susan Winstead. Sixty years of his life were passed in his native State, where all his children were born. At this period of his life, with a large family of sons and daughters reaching the age when they must leave the parent roof and recognizing but little encouragement for an opening in the old North State for so large a family, Mr. Fuller looked Westward for elbow room, and found it in the beautiful pine land South of Crawford. And as this writer is a native of North Carolina, I know whereof I speak when I say that there is a close resemblance in the soil and general topography of the country South of Crawford when compared with that of his native State. And this may be, why it suited the taste and already fixed habits and preferences of Mr. Fuller, who purchased a location from Mr. William Satterwhite, two miles from the town. Mr. Satterwhite held a six year lease on the place which had nearly expired. Mr. Fuller took possession in 1851, but the titles came through Mr. William H. Maynor. The place was first settled about 1845. Mr. Fuller enjoyed his new home eleven years and lived to see all his children grown, who reached maturity, dying in 1862, aged seventy-two years. His companion survived him until 1878, dying at the old homestead, and they, with two daughters and a son, lie buried in the Crawford cemetery. Seven children survived



them: Milly Irene Fuller, of Crawford; Mr. C. W. Fuller, on the old homestead; Mr. J. B. Fuller, three miles Southeast of Crawford; Mrs. Sarah B. Barnett, widow of the late James M. Barnett, died in Russell county, in 1879; Mrs. Neighbors, widow of the late Q. A. Neighbors, died in Crawford, in 1869; Mr. W. A. Fuller, one mile South of Crawford and Mr. James M. Fuller, Southwest of Crawford.

Of these, J. B., W. A. and J. W. Fuller served three years and a half in the Confederate army, going out in Company E. Capt. W. C. Clifton, 39th, Alabama Regiment, Col. H. D. Clayton, Army of the West, campaigning in Tennessee and Kentucky. J. B. was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, from which he still suffers; J. M. received several wounds, all slight and W. A. came through without a scratch. All of Mr. Fuller's children who settled in life, married in Russell county except the eldest, who found a companion in his native State. None of them have removed from the county, and all who are yet living within three miles of the old Russell county court house, and contribute more largely to all the elements which go to make up a community than any one family in the vicinity of Crawford, making, of children, grand-children and great grand-children, a total of seventy, all living within a radius of thirteen miles from Crawford, and only two or three out of the county. And it may be added by way of a hint to all who aspired to office in Russell county that it will be to their interest to cultivate the favor of this large family if they expect to reach political success.

In religion, Mr. Fuller sympathized with the Methodist church, having joined it in early life, in his native State, but again identified himself with it after moving to Alabama. Mrs. Fuller was, for many years, a member of the Missionary Baptist church in her native State, and held her letter on reaching Alabama. Mr. Fuller was a quiet unostentatious farmer, of the "Old North State" type, and was a lover of home and solid home-made home comforts.

In following my notes on Crawford, I am led next to a party who, never resided nearer than six miles of the town, though one of his sons has resided in and near there since 1849.

*Mr. Stephen Satterwhite*, another North Carolinian, born in 1776, the year of the declaration of American Independence, moved with his father, before he reached manhood, to Jones county, Ga., and in 1810 married Miss Nancy Rafferty, of the neighborhood of Augusta. He lived before the days of railroads and transportation was altogether by wagons, away from the water-courses and consequently, wagoning was profitable, which occupation he adopted and followed for many years,

hauling goods from Augusta for the pioneer merchants of Jones and other counties. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, serving in person a portion of the time and furnishing a substitute towards the last. In 1825, Mr. Satterwhite lost his first wife. Only two children by this marriage came with their father to Russell county and will be noticed later on in this chapter. In 1828, Mr. Satterwhite married Miss Rebecca Morris of Jasper county, and about the same year, moved to Troup county, 16 Miles South of LaGrange, where he lived as a farmer until 1826, when he moved to Russell, now Lee County, Ala., and settled on the Frank White creek. Here he built his cabins, and a few years after, a set of mills. The first cabin stood between the present residence and the mill. It was at this mill a terrible accident occurred in 1842. Mr. David S. Satterwhite, one of the sons of the marriage who emigrated with their father to Russell county, lost his life while attending to his father's saw mill. He was alone and it is left to conjecture how the accident occurred. When found, his head was cut smoothly off, just above the ears, the severed part falling on one side of the log and his body on the other. It is supposed that while the saw, which was an upright, was in motion, the unfortunate man, in attempting to shift the support from the front to the rear of the saw as it passed through the log, was caught by the saw and his head sawed off. He left a widow and several children, who moved to Chambers county.

In 1850, Mr. Satterwhite sold the place to Mr. John Noland, who sold to Mr. George White, from whom it passed to Mr. William Rutledge, who now owns it. A mill has been in operation here for forty-four years. The saw mill was destroyed by fire in 1854.

In 1850, Mr. Satterwhite moved to Dale county, Ala., and settled five miles from the Florida line, where he died in 1862, aged eighty-six years. There were seven children of the second marriage six of whom are distributed in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas. Mr. Stephen Satterwhite, Jr., married Miss Eliza Williamson, of Russell county, but moved to Lowndes county soon after, where he now resides.

Mr. Satterwhite's father was a Primitive Baptist minister, and he joined the church of his fathers in early life, serving the same as Deacon for more than half a century. It is said of him that the first question he asked the first man he met after moving to Russell county was: "Where shall we worship God in this wilderness?"

*Mr. William S. Satterwhite*, the second son by the first marriage of the above is the only representative of his father in Lee county at this time, and was born in Jasper county, Ga., in 1817. At the age of thirteen years he moved with his father to Troup county, where he reached manhood and in 1834, when only seventeen years old married Miss Elizabeth Collins, and settled down in the same county, where he lived as a farmer until 1849, he emigrated to Russell county, and first settled a mile South of Crawford, where Judge William Duncan now lives, purchasing the land from Mr. Maynor, agent for Dr. Rafimore, of Columbus. When Mr. Satterwhite reached the place, there was no sign of cabin or clearing, when he went to work with the energy of youth, and as the result of his industry, the pine woods soon began to blossom as the rose, and when he left it in 1860, it was about as substantially improved a plantation as could be found within five miles of Crawford, though it was what is called "common piney woods land," and all the improvements that are there now are the results of his energy—even more—for the ginhouse has since been destroyed by fire.

In 1860 he sold the place to Mr. S. S. Brinson, who held it but a few years, when Mr. Satterwhite bought it back and returned to the old home, planting in and around Crawford during the interim, renting places in various localities.

About 1867, he sold the place to Mr. Coleman, during whose occupancy, the ginhouse was burned, and he tarried but a few years, selling out to Judge Duncan, the present occupant.

On leaving the old homestead the second, but last time, Mr. Satterwhite moved to Crawford and went into the old hotel, sub-renting it from Mr. R. P. Baldwin and in 1874, bought the property, which was sold at sheriff's sale in answer to a decree from the Chancery Court, in favor of Maj. Henry Moffatt, paying \$401 for the same, with thirty acres of land lying North, attached, from which the cemetery lot is deeded off. He remained here until 1878, when he purchased land from a charitable association in Columbus, which was deeded to it, years ago by a Georgia gentleman.

This place is four miles Northwest of Crawford, and Mr. Satterwhite went to work again in the woods, in his old age, and already a quiet and retired little eden has sprung up around him. Vines are creeping around the rustic porch of his little cottage, flowers are in the yard

and the voices of little grand-children, mingle with the song of the mocking birds, while vigorous young orchards give promise of bountiful fruitage in the years to come. Of his family, there were but six children, two of whom died in the fray—Mr. W. H. H. Satterwhite, in camps at Vicksburg, July, 1863, leaving a young widow, a sister of Mr. David Ransome, who afterwards married Mr. Peter Roquemore and died, and Mr. J. W. C. Satterwhite, died at Point Clear, near Mobile, while on his way home, in 1863, leaving no family.

Those still living are Mrs. Nancy A. R. Fuller, wife of W. A. Fuller, near Crawford, Dr. Isaac S. C. Satterwhite, of Arkansas, Mrs. Sarah J. Flournoy, widow of Mr. R. Flournoy, and now the wife of Mr. H. White, of Russell county, and Mr. M. G. Satterwhite of Lee county.

When Mr. Satterwhite joined the Baptist church, the practical results of the schism of 1835, had not reached the community where he lived and worshipped. When its effects were felt, he affiliated with the Missionary wing, and the first years of his christian life were associated with the venerable Jesse Rawl, at Bethany church in Jasper county, Ga., and when these two landmarks of the olden time get together and talk of days lang syne, they enjoy a spiritual feast realized only by those of their years and experience.

Mr. Satterwhite assisted in building up Uchee Grove, near Bishop's bridge in 1853, which dissolved in a few years and the building was moved to Crawford. He has been a deacon in his church, since his early manhood and now worships at Pleasant Grove church, two and a half miles North of his home, which he assisted in building up and of which he is one of the chief supporters.

Mr. Satterwhite is somewhat peculiar in manners, yet an undercurrent of kindness and humor is detected beneath his natural brusqueness. He has enjoyed almost uninterrupted health all his life never having been confined to his bed by sickness an hour since he can remember, and never took but one dose of medicine—to relieve an accute attack of cholic.

His venerable companion is still with him, but in feeble health. And now, after a long, active and useful life, they sit in this vine-clad porch or around the snug hearthstone of their humble, yet cozy cottage and thank the Master that their way of life has been cast in pleasant places.

Mr. Satterwhite says that he has often heard his father, who was a soldier in the war of 1812-'14, speak of a skirmish between Jackson's army and the Indians, which occurred on the Uchee creek, below Bishop's bridge during the war. He says that the battle ground, as pointed out to him by his father, is located a short distance below the bridge, and there were evidences of the battle as late as 1850.

This corresponds with the tradition referred to in a previous chapter, and as I have met no record of it in history, what is here related is tantamount to an established fact.

## CHAPTER LVII

*Crawford Thirty Years Ago—Rev. Charles L. Hays—"Bibil," Book Written by Bill—Rev. John Keating—"Pitching" the Time, Etc.*

Socially Crawford gradually improved as the years rolled by, but the sale and use of ardent spirits from the earliest settlement, exercised a demoralizing influence which has had its effects all the way down, and the town has been the scene of many disgraceful occurrences, over all of which it is best to draw the veil of charity and let them sink forever into the forgotten past, as it would answer no good purpose to recount them here. And it should be added that such is the case with all towns under similar circumstances; it is sad to still further add that there are but few exceptions in any country, in any age of the world.

But when a good man rises up amidst all the elements of evil and by a simple, unobtrusive life of christian work, antagonizes those elements, and, almost unconsciously to himself, inaugurates an aggressive movement, which culminates in a living and still growing progress towards a higher social, moral and religious plane, the memory of such a man, however humble he may have been, can never die.

Early in the fifties, Crawford appeared to be ripe for such a work, and such a man came. And that man was *Rev. Charles Leonard Hayes*, born in Twiggs county, Georgia, of humble and honorable parents. Mr. Hays enjoyed scarcely any educational advantages and grew up to manhood literally between the plough-handles, in the backwoods of Georgia, and where he started out in life, his stock in trade consisted of a good

constitution, a thorough knowledge of felling trees, rolling logs and clearing new-grounds.

Though nature seems to have designed him for such work, Providence marked out for him a different and yet a similar field of action.

He was inured to the hardships of a backwoods farmer's son and knew how to tackle with success the rough primeval growth of the forest and subdue it, preparing the soil for the productions of civilization. It was in the wisdom of Providence that his life field of labor should be to cultivate the hearts of men, subduing the corrupt growth of nature and preparing it, for the seeds of christianity according to the teachings of the gospel of Christ.

In mature manhood, after having settled in life, he was soundly converted and joined the Methodist church. Though thrown in contact and of necessity frequently mingling with the grosser elements of society, he never formed many of these habits of dissipation so damaging to the morals of young men, and yet from frequent association, he was brought to look upon such habits as not so very bad after all. His conversion created a complete revolution in his views on these subjects and he immediately separated himself from those of his associates who indulged in those habits. This brought him in contact with a healthier moral atmosphere, and it was not long before he was to use his own language, haunted with the conviction that it was his duty to preach the gospel, a mystery which he never could account for according to his idea of divine wisdom.

With no education, being unable to read correctly, with no culture, never having mingled in refined society, and being taught to look upon "polish" as superfluous, not to say effeminate and foolish, he was not able to reconcile the idea of his being called to preach with his idea of divine wisdom.

In a conversation had, now nearly thirty years ago, between myself and Mr. Hays on this subject, I recollect the following remarkable utterance: "Through constant association with men who did not think it wrong to get drunk, swear and engage in an occasional fight, I was being rapidly educated in such accomplishments and was ripe to become a very bad man, when I was checked by a powerful and decisive conviction which resulted in my conversion and I joined the Methodist church.

But to preach was not understood to be in the bargain at the time and I tried to put it all behind me. But it clung to me like an incubus and I could not choke it off. With my ignorance of the art of delivery, I could not, at first get my consent to stand up before an audience composed of all classes of society and all grades of education and preach the gospel with any courage are hope of success."

I am not informed as to the exact date of this period of change, and great trial, but I think it was after his marriage or about that time, and his first efforts were as an exhorter, and after a time, he was licensed as a local preacher. In the winter of 1833, he was recommended by his quarterly conference to the Georgia Conference and was received on trial in 1834. Up to this time he had cultivated his little farm for the support of his family, studied by fire-light at night and met his appointments, ten and fifteen miles away, on the Sabbath.

At the close of the first year, this amusing anecdote is related:

Mr. Hays had been very zealous in his work and as his style was original, not to say unique, and after no known model or school of eithics, he was popular and successful, and the report of the Presiding Elder was favorable. But the committee of examination for the "class of the first year" could find no foundation for such a report for Mr. Hays as the result of his examination, for they saw nothing but ignorance, and so reported to the conference, and upon the strength of the committee's report, the conference decided that Mr. Hays was not qualified to do the work of an itinerant preacher. And it was therefore voted that his name should be dropped. Mr. Hays had many and influencial friends in the conference, who knew what kind of metal he was made of, who were not satisfied with the summary manner in which his case was disposed of, and put their heads together to bring about a reconsideration. In order to do this the more effectually an arrangement was made for Mr. Hays to preach a "trial sermon" in the country adjacent, before the conference adjourned, and some members of the examining committee of the first year were to be there to hear him, neither they nor Mr. Hayes were to know what the object in view was. And so it was arranged that none but those who were in the secret knew what the leading object was. It is true that the young preacher was surprised and no little disconcerted when he found his audience so large and so many of the conference present, but he soon forgot it all in the all-absorbing connection of a still greater presence. He preached with unusual fervor and success. The



audience soon lost sight of the awkward and untutored plough boy, his ungrammatical language, which ignored all known rules of syntax and his ungraceful mode of delivery and saw only the man of God, clothed in living light, giving utterance to "thoughts that breathe in words that burn." The next day, his case was reconsidered, resulting in his continuance, and never afterwards did any trouble arise, for he became one of the pioneer elements of his day in the Georgia Conference. It is stated the examining committee, on being questioned as to the basis of the unfavorable report made in the first instance, replied that Mr. Hays, on being asked the meaning of the word "Bible," replied:

"Bibil?" book, bibil."

This answer was construed to convey the idea that all the candidate knew of the meaning of the word Bible was that it was a book written by Bill!

When it is remembered that one of the members of that examining committee afterwards became one of the greatest bishops the church ever had, and the candidate became one of the most successful pioneer rivals the Georgia Conference ever had, the above facts will appear the more surprising.

Mr. Hays was suited by habits and early associations to carry the gospel to the rural settlements of a new country, and was qualified to do a successful work in the ministry where a bishop would have met with a signal failure.

After having faithfully served the foreign conference for twenty years as an itinerant preacher, travelling through all the rural districts of the State, leaving visible and durable marks of good wherever he went, which stand to this day, he was in 1853, granted a superannuated relation. In 1854, he moved to Russell county and settled three miles Southwest of Crawford.

Mr. Hays was one of that class of men where to live meant to work; and though he was considered by his conference, and so considered himself, "a worn out preacher," there was still a great deal of work for him to do. Crawford and the comparatively thin population around it offered a field for just such a man, and he had not been in his new home many months when the work began, and among those who were brought into

the church as the first fruits of his ministry in that locality was the late Hon. B. H. Baker.

At the close of the year 1855, Mr. Hays reported himself to his conference for effective work, and as he had settled permanently in Alabama, his conference thought proper to transfer him to the Alabama conference. This step was taken without consulting him. After serving the Alabama conference one year, he was transferred back to his old conference and in a year or two was again granted a superannuated relation which he held until his death, which occurred September 9th, 1870, at his residence near Crawford. And it was just such a death as such men only can die. Many of the old residents, in and around Crawford cherish his memory with feelings of veneration and will never forget the lessons which he taught them, both by precept and example; and the wave of good influences which he set in motion in Crawford will widen as time flies.

His widow, who is a sister of the late Rev. John Keating, of Arkansas, and a companion well worthy of such a man, still survives, at an advanced age, residing near where her husband died.

*Rev. John Keating*, above referred to, as a brother-in-law of Mr. Hays, was a useful local minister and lived many years, some miles South of Crawford, doing a good work. He moved to Arkansas and died some years ago.

Mr. Hays raised eight children, all of whom were grown and living at the time of his death, he being the first case of mortality in his family. His second son, Rev. Charles R. Hays, died in Taylor county, Georgia, in 1874. Those still living are Mr. John W. Hays, near Smith's Station, Mr. William N. Hays, of Union county, Arkansas; Mrs. M. T. Edge, of Panola county, Mississippi; Mrs. S. A. Bowlen, of Russell county, Ala.; George A. Hays, of Russell county, Ala.; Mrs. M. G. Singleton, of Russell county, Ala., and Mr. S. T. Hays of Union county, Arkansas.

During the sixteen years which he lived in Russell county, probably no other man created a purer or more permanent influence for the welfare of Crawford than Mr. Hays. He never aspired to place or position and the condition of his life was to do the work assigned, recognizing that work to be in the active field of labor, in the pioneer log church, the frontier brush-arbour and the old time camp ground. He was in his legitimate sphere on revival occasions, whether in the coun-

try or in the city, Methodist or Baptist. It was the result of his experience that on such occasions conventionalities were set aside and "walls of partition were broken down for the feeble were earnestly engaged in one work." He was an evangelist of "the old school" and had but little charity for instrumental music in the worship of God, and often said he did not know how to worship God by machinery and could not teach it." An incident which occurred in Opelika in 1836, in which the organ tried to play a part and failed, illustrates this: A protracted meeting was in progress at the old Methodist church which continued from day to day with increasing interest. Efficient revival ministers were secured and in the emergency Mr. Hays was sent for. He had acquired the title of "the broad axe preacher," who hewed to the line, though he cut the log in two. The organ and a regularly organized choir had been in service during the meeting. On Friday night, Mr. Hays arose before a crowded house and opened the services in the usual manner—reading a lesson and giving out a hymn—after which he repeated two lines of the first verse of the hymn, "pitched" the time himself in a voice as clear, keen, shrill and musical as a clarion, completely drowning the feeble tones of the little organ and the trembling trebble of the somewhat disgusted and half frightened choir, both of which sunk into silence and the audience joined their voices with the preacher in a volume of melody which will float back to the memory of all under whose eye this may pass, that were present on that occasion.

Mr. Hays was a favorite of all classes for the solemnization of funeral services, and was sent for far and near, on such occasions, and often when the subject was a member of no church. I recollect such an instance in Crawford, and the preacher was equal to the occasion, without compromising the dignity of the gospel, or disappointing the audience or wounding the sensitive feeling of surviving friends. And in order to do this, it may be seen at a glance that integrity of purpose is all that is necessary. But how few exercise it, on such solemn occasions.

There are but few such men as Rev. Charles Leonard Hays now left in any denomination of the Christian church. It may be urged that the times for such preachers have passed. It may be so; but I am persuaded that society and the church need such men in all ages, and as they are needed, they will be raised up.

## CHAPTER LVIII

*William M. Maynor—Hardin Blalock—P. H. Blalock—Mulberry Trees—*

*Will Manevie—Jas. Manevie—Suicide or Somnambulism*

From 1845 to 1860, there was no name more familiar to the people of Russell county than *William H. Maynor* when it is known that Mr. Maynor was not a man of extraordinary ability and scarcely of any education at all, more than acquired after he grew up to manhood, the inquiry is made why he occupied so much of the public mind during the eighteen years of his Russell county citizenship, more particularly when it is remembered that he moved altogether in the quiet walks of life, seldom or never emerging from it. The answer is plain and easy to be given: *Mr. Maynor was Simply an Honest Man.*

I do not mean only honest in a legal sense of the word, but also an honesty in the honest sense of the word. Practically, there is a wide margin between these two acceptations, and his life met them both.

Mr. Maynor was a native of South Carolina, born in 1797, emigrating, when quite a young man, to Monroe county, Ga., and in 1823, married Miss Elizabeth Cox and was related to the Cox family by cross-marriage. Mr. O. D. Cox's and Mr. Maynor's fathers were brothers, and Mr. Cox's and Maynor's mothers, were sisters, double cousins.

Mr. Maynor commenced life as a farmer and cabinet maker, cultivating his farm in the spring and summer and working in his shop during the fall and winter. In 1835, he moved to Upson county and settled near the town of Zebulon, where he remained only two years, and moved to the "low country," settling in Randolph county, where he resided two years, which closed his career as a citizen of Georgia.

His next move was to Alabama, in 1835, settling in Barbour county, a mile and a half from the then small town of Eufaula. The country was not healthy at that date, and he was compelled to sell out and change his locality to some distance from the river, making a settlement eight miles Southwest of the town.

Right here, the Indian troubles of 1836 opened and he lost all of his perishable property by the ravages of the savages. Being cut off from retreat to Georgia, he was compelled to seek refuge for his family in the

interior of Alabama, reaching Pea River before he found a secure place, where they remained several weeks and finally made their escape across the Chattahoochee. Mr. Maynor was in the service during the entire fracas. After the removal of the Indians, vast amounts of capital were invested in land by non-residents with a view of speculation and, as Mr. Maynor had built up a local reputation for unimpeachable integrity he was solicited by several land companies and private individuals as their most trusted agent, which trust he is known to have held for fifteen years—up to the date of his death—to the entire satisfaction of his employers. I am not informed that he engaged in land speculation on his own account, except on a limited scale—purchasing a lot improving it and selling it at an advance on the improvements. His operations in the land trade were really as agent for non-resident parties, and the titles and the purchase money for many thousands of acres in Lee, Russell, Macon and Barbour counties passed through his hands. While engaged in this, he carried on a little farm, making an ample support at home, his commission on this agency being a clear profit.

In 1842, Mr. Maynor made the last move of his life—from Barbour to Russell county and settled seven miles West of Crawford, on the road leading to Auburn. This place has been known for forty-three years as the Maynor Place. The typical log cabin of the frontier man, which he built at that date graced the place nine years and in 1851 disappeared for a comfortable country villa—now known as the “Maynor House” and at this writing very much out of repair.

Here Mr. Maynor lived eighteen years, reaching an ample competency, which he enjoyed in a modest and quiet way. It was from this house that all his children went out to face the realities of life, few of whom reached maturity. Mr. Laban T. Maynor was killed in the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, leaving no family. Nine married and settled in life. Four sons were in the Confederate Army at one time. Miss Missouri Maynor married Dr. J. B. Dunn and died. Dr. Dunn afterwards married her sister, Miss Amanda Maynor, and they now reside one mile East of the old homestead. Mrs. Maria Blalock, wife of Mr. P. M. Blalock; Mrs. Elizabeth Preddy, widow of the late T. J. Preddy; Mrs. Sarah White, wife of Mr. John White, and Mrs. Dunn are all of this large family that now live in Lee and Russell counties. Mr. James Maynor lives in Birmingham and three others of the family whose names are unknown to the writer, are residing in Mississippi.

When Mr. Maynor moved to the country, the country was thinly populated and his land agency placed him in a position to encourage emigration and new settlers began to come in rapidly. In a few years the heavily timbered pine region round him was dotted with pioneer cabins and broad cotton fields supplanted the forest growth. It is true that but little of what is called culture, refinement and taste was ever developed in this neighborhood but those elements which contribute to the solid comforts of a humble, quiet and homely life were easily attainable and when this was reached, ambition reached no farther. And why should it? They were contented and happy.

Mr. Maynor is remembered by surviving contemporaries as a humane man, and kind to the poor and helpful to the needy emigrants who settled around him; and as there were but few in these days who were able to be liberal, his capacity was sometimes heavily taxed. Mr. Maynor, like all other men of energy, had his faults and enemies, and like the faults and enemies of other men they speak for themselves. I have only to speak of his virtues.

Mr. Maynor never scrambled for office, and it was only in answer to the wish of his neighbors that he acted as Notary Public, solely for the accommodation of his people.

In 1860, Mr. Maynor started on a journey as agent for several parties and on reaching Columbus, was prostrated with sudden illness, culminating in congestive chills, which resulted fatally in a very short time. His wife reached his dying couch in time to minister the last sad offices to her life companion. His remains were brought home and buried at the old family homestead.

In early life, Mr. Maynor identified himself with christianity and worshiped with the Primitive Baptist church until his death. His venerable widow, who still survives, is of the same faith. She still owns the old place, but makes her home among her children. There are few persons of her age—past eighty—who are favored with as good general health as she enjoys at this writing, and excepting the effects of a fall some years ago, necessitating the use of a crutch, her health appears to be perfect.

She was liberally educated in Jones county, Ga., enjoying all the educational advantages available at that early date.

Mr. Maynor was a soldier in the war of 1812-'14, though but a youth of sixteen years.

The reader will remember that an earlier chapter of this history followed the wanderings of the patriarch of the Thomas family from North Carolina to Guinett county, Ga., in the early portions of the present century. We now come to a contemporary of his—*Mr. Hardin Blalock*, born in N. C., in 1790, and his history runs parallel with the last generation of the Thomas family until they reached Russell county in 1835, and was a brother-in-law of Rev. Mike Thomas. About 1810, he married his cousin, Miss Nancy Blalock, in his native State. On reaching the Uchee creek, he settled on a location purchased from a Columbus Land Company, on the south side of the creek. The country was in the possession of the Indians and he had the usual experience with them. Being a mechanic as well as farmer, he always had a job on hand which easily kept him in ready cash and when the trouble fruited into open hostilities, he had just returned from Columbus with provisions for a years supply, all of which he had to leave and scamper with his neighbors across the Chattahoochee river at Hardaway's Ferry, and finding a plenty of work to do as a mechanic, did not return until October. And when he did return, he found that the Indians had made a clean haul of all that he had left that was movable.

This place lies between McKinon's mill and Mr. George Meador's and is now the property of the latter gentleman. The spot where the original cabin stood—which was the first in that immediate neighborhood—is now marked by a plum orchard and an old well. Mr. Blalock, in connection with Rev. Mike Thomas, and his brother Blake, built the first mill ever erected at the present McKinon mill seat. Remaining here some years, Mr. Blalock sold out to Mr. John Provost, and purchased another place joining and south of it from W. H. Maynor, now owned by a widow lady—Mrs. John Elkins. In 1846, Mr. Blalock moved to Chambers, now Lee County, and settled on lands purchased from Mr. Alford Peterson. During his residence there, he was so unfortunate as to lose his residence and nearly all his affects by fire, including the family Bible. Hence, the dates given from notes taken in this connection are only approximative and should not be taken as positively correct, as the records are lost.

Mrs. Blalock died in 1839, while the family were resident near the mill, and was buried at the old Damascus church graveyard, north of the



creek, previously referred to. She gave her husband four children: Mr. Levi Blalock, died in the county, in 1852, leaving a small family. His widow was Miss Sarah King, and is now the widow of the late William Thomas, residing in Brownville. The three living are Mr. P. H. Blalock, Mr. John Blalock and Mrs. Harriet Bridges, widow of the late Mr. William Bridges, all of Lee county. In 1840, Mr. Blalock married Miss Caroline Long, who gave him five children, two dying in infancy, one of whom—a son—was accidentally shot. Those living are Mrs. Missouri Welch, and Mr. William Blalock, of Texas and Mrs. Elizabeth Welch of Mississippi.

Mr. Blalock died in 1854, aged 60 years, and was a member of the Whiteite, or Free Will Baptist church, being one of the first of that faith in East Alabama. He lived to see the country in its forest beauty give place to its development in wealth of the good things of life, springing from its virgin soil and was content with only a moderate share. His representatives, in Lee county, Ala., Mississippi and Texas, are of the honest, horny-handed yeomanry of the country, which comprise the class bone and muscle of all countries which enjoy prosperity. And it may be added that this class of people, without which no country can prosper, get the least credit from the average historian, as an indispensable factor in a country's development and growth.

My notes do not inform me whether Mr. Blalock's widow still survives.

*Mr. Patrick H. Blalock*, the eldest son and representative of the above, in Lee county, is a native of Guinett county, Ga., born in 1819. He followed his father's fortunes until he reached Russell county, and passed through the Indian experience of the early settlers, and though only sixteen years old, took an active part in—getting out of their way and keeping out, which was wise and prudent. As stated above, his father did not return to his new home in 1836 until late in October, losing a year's supply of provisions and his crops. Like a dutiful son, he went to work and assisted his father in the new place, and in a short time the loss was replenished.

In 1843, he married Miss Jane Maynor, daughter of the late William H. Maynor, and lived the first year of his married life on his father's place, near the mill. In 1845, he moved to Tallapoosa county and set-

tled eight miles below Dadeville, on the Tallapoosa river where he remained until 1851, which year found him in his old neighborhood, settled down on Snake creek where he still resides—three miles Southwest from the first settlement.

When the war of the States broke out, Mr. Blalock entered the service and served one year in the army of occupation, stationed at Montgomery and Mobile, but experienced only camp life and picket service. His children are all married except the youngest, a youth, still with his parents. Mrs. Mary Menevie, widow of James Menevie, who met a violent death—Supposed to be at his own hands—in 1884, and Mrs. Alice Burdell, wife of Mr. Charles Burdell, are all that have settled in Lee county. A daughter lives in the lower part of Russell county, a son in North Alabama and one also in Louisiana comprise his living children.

Mr. Blalock was here before the "Mivurns Trial" was "closed out," and remembers seeing many thousands of cattle grazing on the hills, slopes and marshes of the "Piney woods," which are the fields and pastures of the present generation. Mr. William Dupree, a Georgia gentleman had a single herd of nearly a thousand head which ranged on Snake creek and were cared for by his father for several years. The late Eli Stroud also had a herd of many hundred, ranging on the south side of Little Uchee, cared for by a Mr. Gilbert. Though this section still continues to receive attention from cotton growers as a good "Plant" for fresh cotton plantations, it is yet a fine range for a limited stock of cattle and an occasional bay of the hunter's hounds indicate that the timid deer are not quite gone, but are too scarce to make their capture rank about new sport or pastime.

Those of whom I have treated in this chapter are of honest, home-staying, sober, hard-working sons of toil, who followed the forests, split the rails and cleared the new grounds in the country fifty years ago. And some of these same new grounds are now "pine orchards" of more than a quarter of a century's "new growth" upon them, and are being cleared again by their grandchildren and are found to be as productive as the virgin soil.

The settlers of this section do not appear to be a wealth-aspiring people, but are content to live in comparative comfort, without any show of either indolence or leisure.

Mr. Blalock and his family are Missionary Baptists and worship at a new church of that order, on the road, one mile East from the Maynor place, built in 1881.

There are eight mulberry trees in Mr. Blalock's yard, of the variety commonly known as "perpetual bearers," the fruit of which begins to ripen the last week in April and continues to fruit and ripen until the last week in August. It is supposed by those who have observed these trees that they have ripened a crop of one hundred bushels of mulberries annually for the last ten years. The fruit is of good size, sweet and well suited for canning. These trees are now twenty years old and afford a dense shade.

There are fine cotton lands on Brush creek as can be found in any pine region in the State and what was once a vast cattle range will, in the near future, be acknowledged as the safest cotton producing region in the county, as they are of easy cultivation and respond freely to the application of fertilizers. Each succeeding year adds to the annual productions.

Of the early life of *Mr. William Manevie* but little is known further than that he was of Georgian descent, born in South Carolina about the beginning of the century and at the close of the Indian war, was living in one of the Southeast counties of Alabama. At what date he left his native State is not known. Being a hunter and Indian fighter, he brought with him from South Carolina, a long barreled "London-twist" shot-gun of large calibre and good finish which was considered of the best make of its period.

It was known to be a true shooter in the hands of its owner, under whose deadly aim more than one Indian is said succumbed during the "transition period." About 1842, Mr. Manevie came to Russell county and built a cabin about a mile from the Maynor place. Soon after his settlement, a road was opened leaving the Mimm's Trail at or near the Maynor place and touching the stage road a few rods east of where the latter crosses Brush creek.

Here he lived a very quiet and retired life, and as far as I am informed, a respectable one, though in humble grade. When the infirmities of age, had disabled him, he covenanted with his son, *James Manevie* that if he would take care of his aged parents the residue of their lives,

they would leave him all their earthly possessions when they passed away to be his own individual property, though they had other children, who had married and settled in other localities. In order to the better filling his contract, James remained single, though advancing in years. His parents both died in 1870. Mr. Manevie now felt at liberty to form domestic relations and in 1871, married Miss Blalock, daughter of P. H. Blalock and grand-daughter of W. H. Maynor, and was moving along quietly in the ordinary walks of life as a farmer of limited means, on an unencumbered farm, well stocked, and a family growing up around him. In the spring of 1884, his stock, both cattle and horses began to die and in a few weeks, they were all gone. Failing as he thought, to replenish in time to commence farming operations for the year he became discouraged. On the fourth of March, he visited Opelika, hoping to make satisfactory arrangements, but failed to meet the party he expected to see. He reached home about sunset, in very low spirits, but changed his dress, and went about what business that claimed his attention, ate his supper and retired at the usual hour, exhibiting no evidence of mental aberration. No eye but the Allseeing witnessed his acts from this hour until about 4 o'clock the next morning. It appears that the unfortunate man, in a state of depression, or somnambulism, arose, about the above mentioned hour, took his father's gun and went down the road, stopping in front of Mr. Striplings residence, about a quarter of a mile away. Mr. Stripling's family were aroused by the report of a gun, in close proximity to the house. In a few minutes, the gun was again discharged, followed by groans as of some one in mortal agony. Being alarmed, Mr. Stripling struck a light and went out finding Mr. Manevie being in front of his gate, near a small apple tree, with the gun by his side and a terrible wound in his left breast, below the heart. His suspender was tied around his ankle, which, it is supposed he attached to the trigger, in order to discharge the gun, which had been standing loaded some weeks and it is conjectured that the first report was to discharge the old charge and replace it with a fresh one, as but one wound was found on his body. Mrs. Manevie, on being sent for, had not missed her husband from the house. On reaching him, she asked:

"Why did you do this?" and the only reply was:

"I don't know," and no questioning or entreaties could elicit anything else from him. He was carried home and tenderly cared for until he ceased to breathe—about 8 o'clock, surviving the fatal deed four hours.

It is an open question whether this act was deliberately suicidal, or the result of somnambulism. Be that as it may, the little tree near which he was found will ever be known as *Lucinda's Apple Tree* as long as it exists.

## CHAPTER LIX.

*The Prince Family—Ellis Prince—the Pioneer Overseer at Moffett's Mill  
—Elbert Prince, the Pioneer Miller—Jesse Prince—Henry Prince—Death  
by Lightning*

Far back beyond the recollection of the living, and, in the absence of a record, the date is lost, there came from North Carolina a gentleman who settled in Georgia raised a large family and died in 1836, named, *Hamilton Prince*, who was the founder of the large family connections of that name in Lee and Russell counties.

*Mr. Ellis Prince* was the first to emigrate and come to Russell county about the year 1837, with a squad of plantation hands belonging to the late Henry Moffett, for whom he transacted business several years, and while in his employ superintended the opening of the noted Moffett plantation on the little Uchee which embraced the Indian Wetumpka Town and a large farming interest around it. This plantation, in the early days, was considered the finest piece of property on the little Uchee. Mr. Prince, from early habits, was well suited to a pioneer life, and his personal courage and physical energy were often taxed in the abrasion with the rough elements of the times, and his unflinching firmness rendered him equal to the emergencies that arise and are peculiar to the settlement of a large plantation in the "backwoods," in the absence of the proprietor. In due course of time, Mr. Prince, having accumulated, retired from the business of an overseer and commenced farming his own lands, finally settling down for life near Antioch church, on the little Uchee, near Prince's bridge and six miles South of Salem, where he died in 1844, aged 75 years and was followed to the grave by a large posterity, of which his neighborhood, in which he had been a resident nearly fifty years, is chiefly made up. His children now own a goodly portion of the lands which once belonged to the Moffett plantation and were first cleared under the oversight of the father during the years of his vigorous young manhood.

Mr. Prince believed in self-sustenance and taught it by precept and example, raising a numerous family, living bountifully, without any show of extravagance or parsimony. He never identified himself with any church organization, but was friendly to religion and developed a pleasure in having the preachers of all denominations at his house and in entertaining them at his hospitable board.

Mrs. Prince, who survives, was, I think, one of the first Primitive Baptists of the early history of the country. The Methodist church at Antioch will miss the many unobtrusive, kindly offices of "Uncle Ellis."

*Mr. Elbert Prince*, an elder brother of the preceding came over about 1838 and settled in the neighborhood of Moffett's mill. Being a miller by trade in early life he filled that position in nearly all the first mills erected in the country giving satisfaction wherever he was employed. Later, he settled permanently in life, near Watoola church, where he died in 1875. Mrs. Ann Lamb, widow of B. F. Lamb and her family represent him at or near his old homestead. Mrs. Susan Sykes, widow of Henry Sykes is also a daughter. Mr. Prince was a Primitive Baptist of the very primitive sort, and lived faithfully up to his creed. He was about 70 years of age at his death.

A third brother, *Mr. Jesse Prince*, came over in 1840. He lived in Russell county only a short time, and in habits, was what might be termed a "floater," as he remained but a short time at any place during the early years of his manhood. He found his way to Florida quite early, but it proved to him more of a "Sahara" than an "Eldorado." Remaining there only long enough to make this discovery, he retraced his steps and finally settled down for life in Tallapoosa county, where he died in 1866, leaving a family, who—I think—represent him, at this date, in Brownville.

*Mr. Henry Prince*, the fourth, youngest and only surviving brother of this family of Russell county's sturdy pioneer yeomenry, came over with his brother Jesse, in 1840. His first settlement was at a point north of the little Uchee, between Moffett's mill and Meador's store and in the immediate locality of the Indian dancing grounds. In giving me the notes from which this chapter is taken, he facetiously remarked that he was a young man and unmarried in those days and claimed that he was jack at all trades and good at most of them; and now, in his old age, says that the best, the most profitable and the most enjoyable trade he ever

followed was eating and drinking—when he could get it—and he expects to stick to it as long as he lives. And, as the writer enjoyed a seat at his hospitable and bountiful board, the evidences are that he will not want for material, in the substantial things of life.

Mr. Prince “alternated” from Russell to Barbour counties for several consecutive years. In 1848, he married Miss Lucy Peddy, of Barbour county, a cousin to Thomas Peddy and Isaac Hill, of Macon county, and in 1849, finally “gravitated” in Russell county near where he now resides, erecting his present residence in 1867, a mile south of Pleasant Grove Baptist church.

Mr. Prince has been a tiller of the soil all his life, practicalizing the philosophy that steady and honest labor produces the easiest, the most comfortable and the most contented life.

This couple have raised eight children, six of whom survive, residing with and around their parents. A daughter, just grown died a few years ago.

On the 9th of August, 1883, one of those distressing and fatal visitations of Providence occurred at Mr. Prince’s house which caused men to pause and tremble in the presence of the destructive power of inanimate nature, and which cast a shadow over many households which can only be lifted in eternity. Mr. John A. Tucker, residing near Loachapoka, who married Mr. Prince’s daughter, was on a visit, with his family, to his father-in-law. About 4 o’clock on Tuesday evening of the date above mentioned, two clouds, very small and attracting no attention, arose, one from the Southeast and the other from the Southwest. Mr. and Mrs. Prince, Mr. Tucker, Mrs. Flournoy and others of the family and neighborhood, were sitting in and around the East side of the house. Mrs. Tucker’s baby about eighteen months old, started towards the kitchen, some fifty feet away, and on its way paused, motioning with its hands to its grandmother, to come with it to the larder and give it something to eat. The child’s mother observing the grand-mother preparing to answer the child’s call, said: “Never mind, ma, you sit still, I will go.” She followed the child, who, being pleased that her motions were understood, was in a gleeful mood and was gathered affectionately in its mother’s arms, carried into the kitchen and its wants answered. Meanwhile, the two small clouds which were passing over from opposite directions, had met just above the premises, and a current of electricity accompanied



by a terrific peal of thunder, struck a small oak a few feet from the door, on the South side of the kitchen, peeling it on both sides, and passing through the kitchen from the south to the north door, struck Mrs. Tucker, who was standing in the south door, the child still in her arms quietly enjoying its lunch. The child was thrown out of the door several feet and fell on the ground in the yard. Mrs. Tucker fell inside the door, on the floor. Mr. Tucker was standing under a small peach tree about fifteen feet south, peeling peaches for his oldest child—about four years old—neither of whom were injured in the least. Mrs. Tucker was not bruised or abraded in any visible way, but the child's hair was singed and its body bruised. Both were instantly killed, neither showing the least sign of vitality after the fatal stroke. The young oak survived the shock and will be permitted to grow as a *souvenir* of the most terrible calamity that can be visited upon any family.

Mr. Tucker was a member of the Methodist Protestant church, well beloved and popular as a faithful and efficient Sabbath school worker. As an evidence of the favor and esteem in which she was held by her people, I place this on record, furnished by her friends:

"At a meeting of Antioch Sabbath school, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, On Tuesday evening, August 9th, 1883, our Heavenly Father removed from us by death our sister, Francis V. Tucker, who, for years, has been a devoted member and worker in our Sabbath school,

*Resolved*, That in the death of Sister Tucker, our church has lost one of its most useful members, our Sabbath school a faithful member and co-laborer and her family the cherished link that bound them together.

*Resolved*, That to the latter we especially offer our condolence and pray our Heavenly Father that this seemingly inexplicable affliction may prove a blessing in disguise to them and to all of us who are so sadly bereaved.

We close this tribute to the beloved departed with the consoling

words of the poet—'All shall come back again. Each tie of pure affection shall be knit again.'

Signed: G. W. Partridge,

William Culpepper,

Committee."

An obituary, written by her pastor, Rev. W. G. Frazer, expressive of her work, was published at the time.

These four brothers all served the full time during the Indian troubles of 1836 and were stationed in and around Columbus on picket and guard duty nearly four months.

When the war-cloud burst upon the South in 1861, all of their sons and sons-in-law, who were of military age answered the call and made good and faithful soldiers.

Their posterity is of that solid material well fitted by nature to grapple hand to hand with the stern realities of a self-sustaining and self-reliant life, never ambitious for that which lies beyond their reach.

## CHAPTER LX.

*A Unique "Diagnosis" — John (Spec) Perry Fruitage Of '76 — Courtship Eighty-Five Years Ago — Across The River And Back — A Big Fish — Anecdotes — The Bully Of The Bullies — Revolutionary Incident— A Novel Piece Of Furniture.*

In this history, the reader has been treated with a varied "bill of fare," in which, there has been comparatively little monotony when the circumscribed limits of the field from which material is to be gathered, is considerable. All grades of character, moving in all spheres of action and every social circle have been represented without undue reflection or prejudice, either to the living or dead.

My notes now lead to a character which will have to grade itself, for it presents itself as embracing all the spheres and all the circles, in all

their shades. This "diagnosis" will at once be recognized as correct by many still living, when they read the reminiscences of *John (Spec) Perry*, born in Franklin county, N. C., June 18th, 1769, of a wealthy and influential family of English descent. He was old enough during the revolutionary period to retain a distinct recollection of many incidents of the war and remembers seeing some of the patriot heroes who still live in history. The "Old North State," at that time was little more than a wilderness, except in the immediate vicinity of the cities, sea-coast and waterways. At the close of the struggle for liberty, society was chaotic, its labors having emerged from a seven years life and death-tug for liberty recognized but one cardinal principle and virtue—PATRIOTISM, and all failings, sorrows and faults which did not challenge patriotism, were winked at. Education was at a low ebb, and that which was available was of a low grade of the ebb. And for many years which followed, even the wealthier classes failed to appreciate a higher education than a crude knowledge of its primary elements, embracing "readin', writin', and rithmetic, as fur as the rule 'er three." As ridiculous as these facts sound to the educated reader of to-day, another fact must not be lost sight of—that the men of that day planted the seed and nourished the infant growth of those grand and glorious principles, the fruitage of which at the first centennial, at Philadelphia, in 1875, astonished the nation, and at the Grand Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, in 1884 and 1885, astonished the nations of the whole earth, as the most wonderful development in mechanics, agriculture, science and art of any and all nations, in any and all ages in the history of the world.

In 1799, Mr. Perry married Miss Ruth Strickland, of his native State. She was of wealthy parents and they both inherited considerable property. He was thirty years old when he married and had followed the occupation of a farmer which was adhered to all his life. From notes given by, and conversations had with his descendants, who are quite numerous in Lee county, the conclusion is drawn that an ample crop of "wild oats" was sown in those early years—sufficiently ample to last him an unequally long life. And it is supposed that he succeeded in reaping them all himself. It was from the associations of those years that he found the convivial habits of his life and from which all the objectionable features of his character were the outcome. A stream of humor and pleasantry, as well as a steam of something more ardent, ran through all he said and did. An incident is given, as related by himself and preserved in many of the families of his descendants, as having occurred during the period of his courtship and at the house of his future

father-in-law, which may be captioned *Courtship Eighty-Five Years Ago*.

Mr. Strickland, the father of the young lady, lived in a mansion of two stories, hall above and below, a double porch in front with stairs on each side leading above from without. One Saturday evening he paid the lady a visit and on reaching the house, found several of the young men of the neighborhood, and among them a rival, who, for convenience, I shall call Mr. B., as his name is forgotten, and was "hail good fellow well met," both as to "mine host" and the assembled company. The evening was pleasantly passed in telling anecdotes, cracking jokes and other pastimes. At a late hour, when these began to play out, Mr. Strickland, who had a supply of apple cider, the product of his own orchard, and which had been freely sampled during the evening, in order to keep up the amusement, said:

"Now boys, I'm going to test your capacity. I want to see which one of you can drink the most cider and not get tipsy. I will be both master of ceremonies and umpire, will gauge the drinks and the time between drinks and will decide when you have drank enough. Of course this was agreeable to the company and they all went at it with an appetite as though they had not tasted cider in a week, particularly Mr. Perry and his rival, as the issue, in the outset, seemed to hang between these two. In the "we sma' hours anent the twall," after they had drank enough cider to answer any test short of life and death, they were "called off."

Now boys, you all go below, and the one who walks up stairs without staggering, halting or touching the bannister, is the winner.

Mr. Perry doubted his capacity to drink against his rival, and resolving to "win" at all hazards, had resorted to strategem, walked up the stairs with ease and comfort to himself and to the admiration of the company—all but Mr. B., who was just sober enough to "run the gauntlet," concluded to stroll off a little, hoping to cool. But the more he strolled off, the more he didn't cool off and falling in a fence corner, dropped off to sleep. The company at the house waited long enough to conclude that he had retired from the contest, retired also. The next morning, while enjoying themselves in the upper parlor, one of the party observed something unusual down the lane, near the fence. A closer inspection betrayed the unfortunate Mr. B., and the unquestionable condition he was in. Mr. Perry and the ladies were watching proceedings from a window, when he said to the prize he felt sure he had won:

"Now, Miss Ruth, would you, or any other young lady, marry such a thing as that?"

"No," with a shudder, "That I wouldn't."

And in due time Mr. Perry carried off the prize.

But it was too good to keep and it soon leaked out that he would have been in quite as bad, if not a worse condition than his discomfited rival if he had not slyly thrown the larger portion of the contents of each glass of cider he pretended to drink with so much gusto, over his head into the yard below. Consolation was offered Mr. B., in the old adage: "All is fair in love and war."

How long Mr. Perry remained in his native State is not definitely known. He came to Jasper county early in the century, and in that locality all his children were born. About 1828, he moved to Muscogee county, Ga., and in the winter of 1834 and 5, came to what was then Russell county, and settled on the South side of little Uchee and built his first cabin near, or in the yard where Mr. Sheppard Lawson now lives, opening a considerable clearing in 1835. The Indians were all around him, and he had not occupied his new home many weeks before they learned that he and all he possessed had to be respected. Consequently, he had little or no trouble with them before hostilities began. In the winter of 1835 and 6, he settled a new place on the same lot of land, which is now marked by the residence of Mr. William Long. It was at this house the neighborhood collected when the alarm was raised by the Indian massacres on the big Uchee and the burning of the stages on Brush creek, the second week in May 1836, and from here the refugees started on their midnight flight across the Chattahoochee.

Turning his back to a foe was a new *role* to Mr. Perry, and running—even from the Indians—was inconsistent with his ideas of moral and physical courage, and he resolved not to do it, only so far as the safety of his family was concerned. When the refugee party left his house, he went with them, with the fixed resolution of returning immediately on seeing his family out of danger and comfortably situated; and, with him to resolve, settled all future contingencies. The Indians had no time to raid on his premises, even were they so inclined, which is doubtful, for they knew the man, when he was back on his place, accompanied only by two negro servants—a man and his wife, vigorous-

ly engaged in clearing his newground, watched by a faithful dog and protected by his rifle, which always stood in easy reach.

When night come, he locked up everything securely and retired to the woods where he slept, remaining indoors at mealtimes and during inclement weather.

One day, shortly after his return, while his cook was engaged in "toneing up" his rifle, a shadow suddenly obscured the light in the open door. On looking up, Mr. Perry discovered a stout Indian approaching, who placed his moccasined foot on the door-step before he was aware of the presence of any one, except probably the cook, of whom, he had no fear. But on finding himself confronted by the sturdy backwoodsman with rifle in hand and at easy rest, he went back on his national reputation for never betraying surprise, and uttering the characteristic "ugh!" turned upon his heels and got away as fast as his legs could carry him. Though he showed "plenty of 'sneak,' there was no fight' in him, and Mr. Perry thought it both prudent and humane "not to shoot the cowardly dog."

The next "sneak" did not escape so easily. Mr. Perry had a fish-trap in what is now known on Sturkey's mill creek, a short distance above its junction with the little Uchee. One morning, just at the break of day as was his habit, he was cautiously approaching his trap, when he espied an Indian stealing his fish. Now, the old pioneer thought this entirely too familiar for an Indian, especially one whose people had declared war against him and had driven his family and his neighbors from the peaceable possession of their houses. A puff of smoke, a sharp crack, and that particular trap caught a bigger fish and of a different species from that which it was set for. Mr. Perry went quietly about his business. On reaching the house, his servant, who had heard the report of the rifle, enquired what he had shot at. His master replied: "If you go to the fishtrap and look down stream, you may find an Indian; if you look up stream, you won't find him."

Whether a report of this circumstance reached his friends in Georgia, creating uneasiness as to his personal safety, is not stated. However, a party came over soon after, accompanied by one of his sons, and after much and long persuasion, prevailed on him to retire, protesting all the time, that to run, and from an Indian at that, was the first cowardly act of his life.

The irreproachable old backwoodsman, now sixty-six years old, remained away only a few days, and returned, remaining in quiet and peaceable possession of his house until the return of his family and neighbors. It was afterward rumored that the party caught stealing his fish was a squaw. On hearing this rumor, Mr. Perry said:

"If I had known or even thought that it was a hungry squaw, I would not have shot; and if it was, she took the risk herself."

And it is not positively certain that the shot was fatal.

Mr. Perry was one of the few succeeded in making a fair crop of corn that year and was prepared to spare to those who were less fortunate. He lived at the place he settled until his death which occurred in January, 1859. He was often heard to say, many years before the last event occurred, that he "was born in '69, was married in '99 and would die in '59; and so he did, aged ninety years. His wife, who was a faithful companion for nearly fifty years, preceeded him about eighteen years, after giving him ten children, all of whom are still living except three: Mr. Strickland Perry died in Arkansas in 1857; Mrs. Amaryllis Carlyle, wife of the late Judge W. W. Carlyle, died in Opelika in 1863 and Mr. Willis J. Perry, died on his way to California, during the "gold fever," about 1850, and was buried at sea, and his family are all supposed to be dead except a daughter, the widow of the late Hon. R. C. Holifield, of Texas. He started to California in company with others of his friends, from Auburn.

## CHAPTER LX.

*A Unique "Diagnosis"—John (Spec) Perry Fruitage of '76—Courtship Eighty-Five Years Ago—Across The River and Back—A Big Fish—Anecdotes—The Bully of the Bullies—Revolutionary Incident—A Novel Piece of Furniture.*

Those now living are Mrs. Eliza Stroud, widow of the late Eli Stroud, of Lee county; Mrs. Mary A. Brooks, widow of the late Terrel Brooks, of Texas; Mrs. Patience Vance, widow of the late Mark Vance, of Arkansas; Mr. John M. Perry, of Arkansas; Mrs. Francis B. Ransom, widow of the late Reuben Ransom, of Lee county; Mrs. Rutha M.



Mathews, widow of the late Mathie Mathews, of Lee county and Mrs. Ann J. Nix, widow of the late S. Nix, of Butler county, Ala.; one son and seven daughters. All the latter are widows, and at an advanced age, the eldest of whom is Mrs. Stroud, in her eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Perry's posterity at this date is supposed to number but little less than five hundred. At his death, twenty-six years ago, he knew that he had one hundred and sixteen.—They now reach the sixth generation and his youngest great-great-grandchild in Lee County at this writing is Mrs. R. W. Dawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dawkins, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Vinson and great-grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Ransom. This young lady is a little more than a year old. Mr. Perry joined the Primitive Baptist church in mid-life and was in fellowship with that communion many years. Later, he voluntarily left it and joined the Missionary Baptist church, holding his membership at Concord. Still later, his connection with this was severed. — After this, he claimed to be a Universalist and died in that faith. Mr. Perry lived in the roughest period of the country's history and followed the tide of early emigration from Georgia to Alabama, and in both instances, close upon the trail of the red man. In these early days it is natural that a man of his temperment and habits should be frequently brought in violent contact with others of like temperament and habits. But it appears that in all his encounters, he cherished no mallice or bitterness against his antagonist, and merely indulged in a "civil fight, for the fun of the thing" and to sustain his reputation for personal courage which remained unimpeached to the last day of his life.

Many anecdotes of his prowess are still fresh in the memory of his descendants. On one occasion, he, with a company of congenial spirits, were enjoying themselves at a neighboring grocery. There was present also an old man and lame. This old man was the butt of the company though none wished to injure him. A man present thought Mr. Perry a little too severe in his sport and protested against it. Whereupon Mr. Perry, who is supposed to have been in that condition described as "spoiling for a fight," retorted:

"Do you want to take it up?"

No sooner was the "glove thrown down" than they went at it; and the intruder was whipped before he knew how it was done. On letting up his antagonist and shaking hands with him, which, it is said, he of-

ten did on such occasions, Mr. Perry discovered that he had whipped the bully of the neighborhood. His friends warned him that if he did not look sharp, this man would take him at a disadvantage when he least expected it, and "use him up." Some time after this, there was a "chicken fight" to come off at a point, some forty miles away, which attracted the sportsmen and others whose tastes ran in that line, from a large circumference of the country. Mr. Perry was there. And he found a motly crowd, for the bullies were there; and among them, his old antagonist, who met him in the most friendly manner and introduced him to the crowd of assembled bullies as "the only man that ever whipped me." Now, it appears that there was a man present who had, in time past, taken a piece from the noses and ears of half the bullies on the ground, and was considered the "bully of the bullies." While this novel introduction was going on, this man felt that his reputation was at stake, and if he did not do something to redeem it, and that pretty quick, it would soon vanish in thin air. So, by way of a friendly banter, he challenged Mr. Perry thus:

"Uncle Spec, you can't whip me."

This was enough and they went at it without farther parley. And the "bully of the bullies" was whipped, so well whipped that he considered it rather an honor than otherwise.

On another occasion, and the only one on which he indulged in this kind of patience after his settlement in Alabama, "Uncle Spec"—as he was now universally called—was incautiously challenged by one of his nephews. It was at a dining and all were supposed to be in a "convivial" mood. While at table, the company were recounting their various contests with men, each concluding his adventure with the remark:

"And I never was whipped in my life."

Uncle Spec sat quietly enjoying the conversation and his dinner, without saying anything until all had spoken, when he spoke up:

"Well boys I am the oldest man in the crowd, have been in more fights than all of you put together, and I never was whipped."

Here, his nephew ventured to say: "Uncle Spec, I believe I can whip you."

"Do you wish to try it?"

And without more ado, at it they went. And if friends had not taken the plucky old gentleman off, the young man would have had ample cause to rue his venture. Uncle Spec was, at this time past seventy, and game to the last.

He claimed that he came by his personal courage honestly, inheriting it from his mother, and, to illustrate it, handed down the following *Incident of Revolutionary Times*.

Mr. Perry's father was a pronounced whig in those times and surrounded by a neighborhood of unscrupulous tories. Being a man of wealth, it was supposed by them that he had a large deposit of money in the house, and they were resolved to have it. One night, three tories approached the house for this purpose. On reaching the stables, one of the party was detailed to have three horses ready to carry off the booty with dispatch. The two, supposing that they were strong enough to overcome any resistance that might be offered—went on to the house and, to their surprise, met with a much warmer reception than they anticipated. They were about to overcome the vigorous resistance of the father, when the mother, seeing that they had murder as well as robbery in their hearts, resolved to mingle in the conflict. Suddenly pushing her husband into an adjoining room and closing the door with great force to shield him from the murderous attack, and without noticing that some of his finger's were caught in the jam and securely held, she turned to face the intruders, with all her patriot blood up to the boiling point, and before they had time to realize what a woman could and would do in an emergency, they found themselves pitched, one after the other, headforemost, through an open window, on the hard ground, several feet below. She then turned to find her husband in his laughable and painful predicament and released him. The detail at the stables, on seeing how things were going at the house, stole two fine horses and left his friends in the lurch. The robbers were so badly wounded by the fall from the window, that they were easily captured.

Uncle Spec was fond of lively company, enjoyed humorous anecdotes, and would indulge in excentricity himself, for the purpose of serving a good joke, even at his own expense. On an occasion, some years after he became a widower, and his friends were twiting him on the subject of a second marriage, he thought he would give them a hook whereupon to hang a joke.

There was a respectable widow lady of good family in the neighborhood, and as favorable opportunity afforded, he approached her on the subject.

"Mrs. Blank, I am living a lonesome life in my old age, and you resemble my wife so much that you make me think of her every time I meet you; so I thought I would ask you would you like to be Mrs. Perry."

Such a proposition was not agreeable to the lady, and she so signified.

"Oh, well; we will make a marriage contract; will that suit you?"

"No, a marriage contract would not suit."

"Oh, well; if it wouldn't suit you, of course it wouldn't suit me; and we are as good friends as before."

And here, he thought the matter would end. He was very fond of children and allowed them any privileges; consequently, he was a general favorite with them, as he was, in fact, with all classes. There was a country school a short distance from his house and he met the school-children often. One evening, one of them, a mischievous young miss, with a merry twinkle in her eye, accosted him:

"Uncle Spec, when are you coming over to our house? You haven't been to see us in ever so long."

"I don't go about much now. Old folks like me ought to stay at home."

"Well, you had better come over pretty soon; Grandma says she's willing to change her name!"

Uncle Spec Perry was a man of note—all his unusually long life, not only for his peculiar habits and excentricities, but as well for his unsullied honor and unimpeachable integrity; consequently his friends were not confined to his immediate circle, but reached to all classes, and it is remembered that benevolence was a prominent feature of his character, and as contradictory as the fact may appear, it is known that he was a constant reader of the Bible, and a very retentive memory kept his mind well stored with scripture lore.

He was a mason and at various times in his life, filled every office in his lodge, being well versed in the sublime mysteries of this honorable and ancient fraternity. He retained his extraordinary vigor of both body and mind to the last, being able to ride on horseback, with ease and comfort, several miles, to visit his children and grand-children, only a few weeks before his death.

The crowning eccentricity of his life was in ordering his coffin. In 1852, when he was 83 years old and seven years before his death, he rode to Salem and requested Mr. McCarthy, an excellent workman of the place, to make his coffin. It was a novel job to make a man's coffin, at his own order, while he was still in good health, and supposing that a practical joke was at the bottom of the order, was rather slow in going about it. In due time, Uncle Spec called again, and was surprised to find no coffin ready. He now repeated the order in terms which left no cause to doubt his being in earnest. His measure was carefully taken with the promise that it should be finished in a given time, provided the material could be procured.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "it must be made of black walnut, stained to a bright mahogany color and highly polished, and it must be lined as I direct and well finished. If it don't fit me, don't expect any pay; but if it fits and is all right every other way, I will pay you whatever you may think proper to charge."

Mr. McCarthy knew to be a man to his word; the walnut plank was furnished—probably by Mr. Thomas Atha—and the coffin finished according to the strict letter of the order. When it was carried home, Uncle Spec got into it, straightened out, and crossing his hands across his breast, asked the bystanders how it fitted. The answer being satisfactory, the charges were promptly paid. This novel piece of furniture was kept in the house, under the bed, covered with a soft blanket, until the subject was ready for it; and was a safer receptacle for his tobacco than locks and bars, for where is the negro who would go to a coffin to steal tobacco!

In Uncle Spec's day the Perry stock was numerous and "John" was a favorite family name; consequently, there were several John Perrys; and to avoid confusion, they were nic-named for some prominent personal peculiarity. One had red hair and was called "Red John;" another was of a dark complexion and had black hair, which secured for him

the name of "Black John;" a third, from his compact build, was known as "Busky John" and Mr. Perry, on account of his freckled complexion, answered to the name of "Speckled John," or "Uncle Spec," and he was scarcely known by any other name.

His posterity represent him in every Southern State and are found in all the walks of life and in all the trades and professions, and as his noble qualities of heart and redeeming traits far overbalanced the objectionable features of his character, they are justly proud of their ancestry, and many generations will be born and pass away before the memory of Uncle Spec will fade and his name cease to be a household word.

He was buried with the honors of the Masonic Fraternity, with the square and compass—symbols of his favorite Order—resting upon his breast; and it was his wish—and it was complied with—that there should be nothing black about his coffin; as he had "never committed a black deed."

I visited the resting place of this venerable patriarch, in January, 1885 and found it on the summit of an almost perfect natural mound, rising about twenty feet from the surrounding country, the ascent being abrupt from all sides except the north, from which side it has the appearance of the spur of a hill. It is known as the Perry Burying ground and is five miles south of Salem and less than a quarter of a mile from Mr. William Long's residence. No monument marks any of the graves, but Mr. and Mrs. Perry's are surrounded by a roofed picket. There are about twenty other graves, one of which is that of Mr. Mathio Mathis. The entire lot has the appearance of having been once enclosed.

## CHAPTER LXI.

*The Uchee Country — Captain John McTyeire — Jim Henry — Bishop*

*H. N. McTyeire — Henry L. McTyeire — Master And Servant.*

My notes lead me back to the "Uchee country," near what is now Uchee postoffice in Russell county. As stated in an early chapter from the virgin fertility of the soil and by the energetic character of its settlers, this neighborhood increased rapidly in wealth, the tide setting in about 1837 and continued to flow, without any sign of abatement until

1861—the first year of the war—at which date, it, with the entire South, was checked, and it may be added that few rural districts, retired as it was, from the seat of strife, suffered more seriously from its effects. Situated as it was also, in the “black belt” of Russell county, the demoralization of society and labor was disastrously felt and the reconstruction of the latter has been very slow. Within the last five years, a favorable change has taken place, indicating a reaction towards the prosperity of the “olden time.” This may be traced to the fact that the generation of the owners of the soil now coming on and better qualified by education and association, to treat with the labor element in a state of “freedom before the law,” with profit to both parties, than those who preached them, and, still, the generation of freedmen now coming on, cannot be claimed as an improvement upon their predecessors, though the cause cannot be traced to either. But the tide is changing even among them, and the outlook for both races is far more cheerful than at any period since the war. And these latter observations may be applied to the entire South.

Among the early settlers of the Uchee postoffice neighborhood was *Captain John McTyeire*, a typical South Carolinian, born in Edgfield District, about 1792. He was raised and received what education he had, in his native State, and when, in 1819, he married Miss Elizabeth A. Nimmons and settled in Barneville District. It will be remembered that during the fourth decade, a party of advanced ideas for the times, arose in South Carolina, in opposition to President Jackson’s administration. From available papers, I find that Capt. McTyeire was what was termed a “nulifier” in those days, and a recognized leader among his people, embracing a majority of the best citizens of the State. A company was organized in his District and he was placed in command, holding itself in readiness to respond on behalf of State rights, in any emergency that might arise. This gave the title of Captain, which he carried all his life.

In 1837, when the country was new and the footprints of the red man were still visible, Capt. McTyeire, then about 39 years of age, emigrated to Russell county and settled three miles northwest of the Uchee postoffice. There was still a number of the Indians of the Uchee tribe of the Creek Nation, lingering in the locality, loath to leave their native hills and the graves of their ancestors, among whom, of note, was the famous Jim Henry, of whom, the following incident is related:

Horses of all grades were scarce and commanded a high price. A



large drove of "Indian ponies" ranged on the Uchee, just above Big Swamp, where the cane was unusually rank. These ponies were small, but remarkably tough and servicable beyond their promise, though inclined to be vicious. Capt. McTyeire, standing in need of a horse, met Jim Henry and made a trade with him, purchasing one of these wieri little ponies. Paddy Carr was also still in the country, using his influence in persuading the remaining fragment of his people to emigrate to their reservation, according to the treaty. Jim Henry finally left. Forty years after, while Bishop H. N. McTyeire was on his annual round of conference visitations, embracing the Indian Mission Conference, Jim Henry far advanced in years, met the Bishop, introduced himself, and in the conversation which followed, mentioned the fact of his selling the pony to his father, with many other incidents of the Captians' frontier life in Russell county. It will be remembered that Jim Henry was the supposed leader in the Roanoke massacre in 1836. After his emigration, he was brought under the influence of a higher and purer moral code, introduced by the missionaries finally embracing christianity. After his conversion, he became a consistent and zealous christian, often exercising in public and using his influence towards the advancement of his people in christian civilization. His death occurred about three years ago.

Capt. McTyeire's first settlement in Russell was not made with a view of permanency, and was used more as an "observatory," from which he inspected the surrounding country. In less than a year, he found a location to suit him, purchased a large tract of land and settled for life, about three miles South of Uchee postoffice.

Here he lived and prospered, in due course of time superseding the primitive log cabins with a large two story residence, which still stands, occupied by one of his children. I have stood on the porch of this residence and with a glass which always hung in the hall for use when wanted, and seen distinctly, horsemen riding nearly three miles away; and the flies which were switched away by the horses tails were visible to a good eye. The view from this house, towards the north and west was unusually attractive and proverbially beautiful.

A family of nine children clustered around the hearthstone and worshipped at its altar four sons and five daughters. One son and four daughters are now dead. Henry L. McTyeire, who lived eight miles north of Clayton, in Barbour county, died at the family homestead, in 1859, only a few days after the death of his father: Mrs. Caroline Ivey,

wife of Maleki Ivey died at the family homestead, in 1879; Mrs. Jane H. Hurt, first wife of the late William C. Hurt, died in Opelika, April the 5th, 1862; Mrs. Emily L. Harris, first wife of Rev. R. H. Harris, died near Oak Bowery, in 1877 and Miss Cornelia H. McTyeire, died Aug. 3rd, 1851, at the family homestead.

Henry L., the eldest son, is remembered by the living as a very successful man, who, at his death was on the road to vast wealth, confining his business exclusively to agriculture and its legitimate branches. He made money with ease, he made it rapidly and he made it honestly. He had many; and it was affecting to witness their sorrow at his death. He had many; and it was affecting to witness their sorrow at his death. He was among relatives, at the home place, and away from his servants when he died. His brother-in-law, Hon. John T. Harris, of Opelika, who afterwards administered his estate, carried his saddle horse home. On reaching the negro quarters, an old servant, on seeing his young master's horse, threw his arms around the dumb beast's neck and wept like a child. And this was but a sample of the sadness with which his death was received by his well-cared for and faithful people. He never married and his estate was distributed among his brothers and sisters.

Those living at this writing are Holland N. McTyeire, one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, south, residing in Nashville, John C. McTyeire, of Macon county, Ala.; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Harris, wife of Hon. John T. Harris, of Opelika and William C. McTyeire, at the home place.

Of Bishop McTyeire, now the senior of Episcopal College of the M. E. Church, south; it is known that his reputation has reached wherever an intelligent language is spoken; and is yet in the prime of his manhood.

Capt. McTyeire died July 13th, 1859, and Mrs. McTyeire followed him, April 21st, 1861. Neat monuments mark their resting place, in the family graveyard, near the house they built and roof-tree from which all their children went out. Several other members of the family are buried there and this "garden of the dead" afford evidence that their names are recorded on memory's tablet.

Capt. McTyeire was of Scotch ancestry. Distinctive national traits from the land of Bruce and Wallace do not disappear in a generation

and they could be recognized in the Captain at a glance. His life developed firmness illustrated in humanity—a beautiful combination of the oak and the willow. In something, he would be uprooted before he would give way, while in others he would gracefully bend to the pressure from the force of circumstances and respect to the opinion of others, only to react when the pressure was removed.

He was not an educated man in the sense the word is generally used, but his strong common sense supplied deficiencies for all practical purposes. Mrs. McTyeire's education was of a higher grade and is no disparagement to either to say that she was the power and he was the lever in the education of their children—in fact, in all success in life, for they worked in harmony.

Capt. McTyeire joined the church early in life and was a practical christian of the Wesleyan type. He never aspired to office, but was a recognized leader at home and abroad, in social and religious circles, good examples and liberal means.

Settling in the country early, everything that contributed to its development had to be organized, and in the outcome everything bore the impress of his mind and heart. The place of public worship was Uchee Chapel, which he assisted in erecting and is now one of the oldest country churches in the country and perhaps the only one that has not been without a pastor forty-five consecutive years. With the exception of the Bishop, whose house is the whole south and whose work embraces the whole earth, Capt. McTyeire's posterity do not reach beyond East Alabama, and are of the best elements of society wherever found.

The wave set in motion by the lives of this excellent couple is widening and will continue to expand until it lashes the shore of eternity.

## CHAPTER LXII.

*Wacoochee Valley — Mr. Nathan Pitts — The First Mill On Wacoochee  
Creek — "Cold Saturday And Sunday" — Narrow Escape  
From Death By Freezing.*

Though considerable space has been already devoted to the little burg of Wacoochee Valley and the "region round about." There are yet claims upon the attention of the reader which must be answered in history. All of the old pioneers of this locality, dating their settlement prior to the Creek war, who have thus far passed under review, have also passed from the scene of action.

There is a living representative still upon the stage, whom I had the privilege and pleasure of interviewing at his residence, half mile east of the village, in November, 1884, which place has been a conspicuous roadmark to travelers for fifty years.

*Nathan Pitts*, a native of Newbery District, S. C., was born in 1814. When only two years of age, his father emigrated to Jones county, Ga. This was in 1816 and the interior of Georgia, at that date, was an unbroken forest, and the Indians had scarcely begun to think seriously of retireing in a body before the advancing tide of emigration. Hence, the scenes of his boyhood were cast in the blazed trail of the advance guard of civilization.

Mr. Pitt's education was liberal for the times but not classical and he inhabited a small patrimony from the paternal estate. In 1835, when 21 years of age, he married Mrs. Eliza Worthen, *ne* Baker, a sister of the late Hon. B. H. Baker. This was in Monroe county, Ga., where he first started out in life as a farmer, remaining in the county only one year after marriage. In the winter of 1835-6, he emigrated to Lee county, Alabama, and opened the settlement where he now lives, on the east side of Wacoochee creek and built his first cabins near the stream and about a mile from its mouth. This first settlement was in sight of his present residence, and in the immediate neighborhood of the most populous Indian community on the river for miles above and below, which was known as Wacoochee Town and gave the name to the bold creek which flowed through it, and also to the once flourishing village which was the centre of the local trade for early settlers during a period of twenty years and where a small business is still conducted.

In addition to his farming interests, Mr. Pitts mill enterprise on the creek, being assisted in the venture with his brother-in-law, Col. Baker. This first mill was a crude affair, but sufficient to meet the wants of the people at that early date. It had just commenced grinding when the troubles of 1836 came upon the settlement, and being near a populous town of Creeks, in sight of whose dancing ground, where they had appointed a certain date to dance the final "wardance," before making an attack upon the whites, I am taking these notes—the settlers had opportunity to observe a marked change in the behavior of their red neighbor, became alarmed in time and refugeed then across the river. It afterwards developed that if they had delayed their departure only a few hours, they would all have been massacred, as a plan had been laid for that purpose, which, according to the plan, was to be known to but few of the Indians themselves until the very hour of the contemplated attack. But the leading whites were mysteriously warned and escaped with their families in time. The Indians discovering their movements checkmated before they had committed themselves by overt acts in the neighborhood, remained very quiet and refrained from pillage and destruction of property, during the entire trouble. And it is stated by some who were contemporaries to the settlement were really ignorant of this movement of their chiefs, and had the credit of being friendly to the whites. Mr. Jonathan Benton, mentioned in a former chapter, was on very good terms with the Indians and did not leave the country during the troubles. It was supposed by some of the better informed that the mysterious warning to the settlers came from him. But the Indians never suspected him, and he remained on good terms with them as long as they tarried in the country.

Mr. Pitt's experience with the Indians, before, during and after the trouble, was of the most friendly nature and he never had any trouble with them. In leaving the country, he fell in with the Cox brothers and crossed the river at the same time and place with them. During the two months' absence of his family, Mr. Pitt's engaged in military service as a member of Col. Baker's company of Home Guards, which was being used in patrolling the settlement and protecting the settlement and protecting the homes and property of the absent people.

On returning with their families, the settlers found everything just as they left it, suffering only from neglect, Mr. Pitt's had about 30 acres of newground and Indian bottoms planted when he left, all of which failed to make more than 40 bushels of corn, from want of cultivation.

Col. Baker lived at that time on the hill nearly opposite the mill, and near where the miller's house now occupied by Mr. Alex Leggett, now stands. These cabins were built in 1835, and no vestige of them is visible. The land on which the mill property now stands embraced at first only 100 acres, purchased from Mr. Ellis, at a cost of \$1000, and had passed through two other hands before reaching Mr. Ellis. After the purchase from Mr. Ellis, the balance of the half section was added, the whole costing \$4200. Mr. Pitts had a family of servants at this time and wishing to devote all his time and energies to agriculture, disposed of his mill interest to Col. Baker, who held it two years and sold out to Mr. Jordan, who materially improved the property, built a substantial mill house and sold out to Mr. William Davis, who transferred it to Mr. Olive. Mr. Olive held it but a short time and it passed to Dr. Mall. The war came on and weakened the money nerve to the extent that decaying and perishable property suffered for want of repairs. The mill went down, was washed out by freshets and ceased to be a mill. After the war, Mr. Mall having moved away, the mill seat and two or three acres of land were sold to meet taxes due on it and were purchased by a company composed by Capt. J. F. Powledge and the McCullough brothers, for about \$60.00. At the expiration of two years, allowed by law for the redemption of lands sold for taxes, the mill property was substantially reconstructed, and for nearly fifteen years was known as Powledge's mill. Mr. Stevens disposed of his interest to his copartners. After this, Mr. Powledge disposed of his interest to Messrs. Calvin and Bryant McCullough, who are the present proprietors. It is now considered a valuable piece of property, known as McCullough's mill, and it may be added that the value of the property and the agricultural prosperity of the surrounding country would be enhanced if there was a substantial bridge spanning the creek at this point, as there are few crossing in the county where the necessities of the surroundings more urgently demand it. About 1860, Mr. Pitts sold his first land purchase to Mr. Asbery Sturkey, for \$1,300.00, and purchased the adjoining property—East—from Mr. Porter Meadows, embracing half section, at \$3,200.00. The residence now occupied by Mr. Pitts was built by Mr. Meadows about 1858, and was considered in those days an improvement on the pioneer style of architecture, standing on rising ground, with a noble park of forest oaks in front and catches the eye from a distance at every approach. It is in good preservation. Mrs. Pitts, after a happy companionship of twenty-three years, giving her three children, died in 1858, in communion with the M. E. Church, South of which she had lived a faithful member for many years, and her dust lies beneath a slab in the family cemetery near the old home-

stead. These children are all living—Mrs. Martha Slater, wife of Mr. John Slater and Mr. Samuel Pitts, in Texas, Mrs. Eugenia Jones, wife of Mr. John Jones, in Elmore County Alabama.

In 1864, Mr. Pitts married Miss Lucinda Webb, daughter of Mr. Pope Webb, of Lee County, and three daughters have made sunshine dance through the lengthening shadows of advancing years. Mrs. Ophelia Jones, wife of Mr. William T. Jones, of Lee county; Miss Lois Pitts and Miss Lucy Pitts, the two latter still making bright the parental home.

Mr. Samuel Pitts, the only son, was but a youth, at school, in Troup county, Ga., when the war-cloud burst upon the South in 1861. Though but a school boy in his teens, he heard his native hearthstone and laying aside his books, he answered, too khis musket and marched to the front. He was wounded several times during his service and will carry the scars halting to the end of life. He represents his father in Texas.

Mr. Pitts attached himself to the Methodist Church about thirty-years ago, under the ministry of the venerable Rev. John Crowell, and the period is also marked by the conversions of the fathers and mothers of the Gibson, McKizzic, Cook and Maddox families, all of whom have passed away, but are represented in the county by their posterity to the third generation. This revival occurred at a little schoolhouse which stood about half mile northwest of Wacoochee valley, which was succeeded later by a framed church which has passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts now worship at Dickinson's Chappel, near Mechanicsville.

Mr. Pitts' recollection of the olden time, associated with the Indian occupation of the country the few months he was here before the outbreak in May, 1836, is vivid, and it is very entertaining to listen to his observations of the aborigines, their customs, habits and mode of living. He has always extended a gracious invitation to their national game and festival, ball-play and green corn dance, and was received with marked consideration and courtesy. As before remarked the scene of these sports and pastimes is in open view from the residence. The "Town house" and "council pole" stand a little farther North. He remembers that on a festive occasion, the dancers were "harrassed" for the fun and one of the most necessary requirements for a graceful dancer and player was a string of highland tarrapin shells, twelve on each leg, strung so as to reach from the knee to the ankle. These shells, enclosing small pebbles,



made a mighty rattling and he who could make the most noise was considered the best dancer and player.

I will conclude this chapter with an account of an incident which occurred about this time, in which he was an actor, and on which occasion he gratefully acknowledges Mr. Jonathan Benton as the agent in the hand of God, in rescuing him and one of his friends from death by freezing, and as this incident was furnished to me in manuscript some weeks after the above notes was taken, I will give it to the reader in Mr. Pitts' own words:

"I was a very old man, yet I will attempt to relate something of the cold Saturday and Sunday in February, 1835, two of the coldest days we have on record. One Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, a gentleman named Escoe, myself and the ferryman, attempted to cross the Chattahoochee river at a point sixteen miles above Columbus and near the mouth of the Wacoochee creek. The river was high from recent rains and the wind was very strong. We had not proceeded far when it was discovered that the poles used in guiding and propelling the flat would not reach the bottom, so deep was the water, and the water froze on the poles so rapidly that they soon became too heavy to handle and were laid aside as useless for any purpose. The river being very full and there being no means to guide the flat, I was not slow to perceive that we were in imminent peril. The ferryman had a small bateau tied to the flat and supposing that we would be lost, he leaped into it, cut the rope which held it to the flat and left us. I thought then, and I think now, after a lapse of fifty years, that we floated down the river at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and came near being dashed to pieces by a friendly rock which checked the rapid rate of the flat with a terrible shock and against which it lodged. We were now two miles below where we started. The flat was in danger of filling with water every moment, as the waves were running three and sometimes four feet high. I knew that we would be compelled to remain on the river until we froze, or some one rescued us. There were but very few people in the country and but one man, Jonathan Benton, who knew anything about managing the flat. I had a horse aboard and we had decided that if no one came to our rescue before sunset we would kill him and wrap up in his hide, to keep from freezing. My friend, Mr. Escoe, lost his hat while we were floating down the river and he suffered more from cold than I did. We kept up a conversation until one o'clock, when Mr. Escoe ceased talking and sat down behind some planks he had piled up. I did not know the cause of his

silence but supposed that he had grown despondent and did not wish to talk. I spoke to him several times, but received no reply. The poor man was actually freezing to death.

About a half hour before sunset, I descried a small boat coming from the western bank, to rescue. There was but one man in it, and that man the only one on the river or in the country who was qualified, or had the courage to render assistance—Jonathan Benton. The little boat with its brave guide, went about one hundred yards below the flat. It was impossible to approach it direct, and commenced slowly and laboriously breasting the waves towards us, while it appeared that every wave that struck the little craft would engulf it. The first effort did not reach us, and Mr. Benton suffered his boat to fall back about fifty yards. Another effort brought him within thirty feet of us, where the water rushing around the rock and dashing three feet high, checked him again and he began to despair reaching the flat calling out that it was impossible for him to save us, and the little boat began to fall back again. But to leave two men to freeze to death, which certainly would have been the result, was more than Mr. Benton could get his consent to do, and pausing a moment as if to reflect and gather strength, resolved to make another and a final effort, which proved successful, the huge waves parting, as if by a Divine Power, opening a passage between, by which he reached the flat in safety.

It was now about sunset and no time to loose. I seized the little boat and called to my friend to come, as rescue was at hand. He made no reply. I called again more urgently. Still neither answer or movement. On approaching him, I discovered that he was frozen. With the assistance of Mr. Benton, I succeeded in getting him into the batteau, and we reached the western bank in safety, where we found the settlers of the neighborhood had collected to assist us if possible. The frozen man was placed upon one of the settler's horses and held in position by a lance of Mr. Benton, I succeeded in getting him into the bateau, and carried to my house, placed by the fire and restoration applied. It was two o'clock the next morning before he showed any sign of life whatever. About ten o'clock the next day he was able to sit up and take some hot coffee. And thus, he gradually recovered. He said that the last thing he had any recollection of on the flat was when he sat down behind the planks. The next twenty hours was a blank.

We left my horse on the flat all night. The next day, a party of us

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went to the river, pushed him off the flat into the water and he swam to the western bank, but could not ascend it without assistance, and was useless for my service for several weeks after."

This "cold Saturday and Sunday" is an era in the history of the early settlers and is spoken of by all whom I have met, as a period of the most intense cold ever known in this country before or since.